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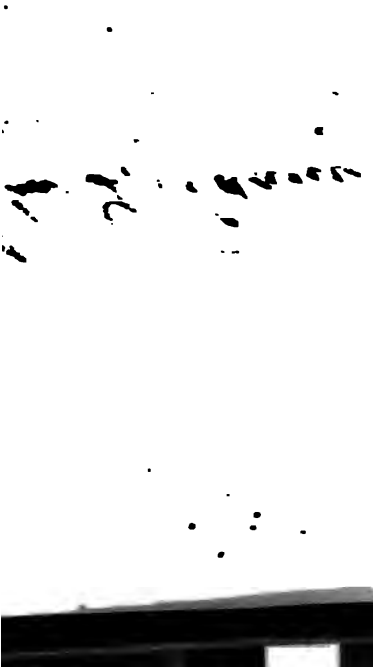

M'FINGAL:

A MODERN

EPIC POEM,

IN FOUR CANTOS.

BY JOHN TRUMBULL, ESQ.

WITH

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

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M‘ FINGAL.

CANTO FIRST.

THE TOWN-MEETING, A. M.

WHEN Yankies,* skill'd in martial rule,
First put the British troops to school;
Instructed them in warlike trade,
And new manœuvres of parade;
The true war-dance of Yankey-reels,
And *manual exercise* of heels;
Made them give up, like saints complete,
The arm of flesh, and trust the feet,
And work like Christians undissembling,
Salvation out by fear and trembling;
Taught Percy fashionable races,
And modern modes of Chevy-Chases:†

*Yankies. *a term formerly of derision, but now merely of distinction, given to the people of the four Eastern States.*

†*Lord Percy commanded the party that was first opposed by the Americans at*

From Boston, in his best array,
Great 'Squire M'Fingal took his way,
And, grac'd with ensigns of renown,
Steer'd homeward to his native town.
His high decent our herals trace
To *Ossian's fam'd Fingalian race;
For though their name some part may lack
Old Fingal spelt it with a Mac;
Which great M'Pherson, with submission,
We hope will add the next edition.
His fathers flourish'd in the Highlands
Of Scotia's fog-benighted islands;
Whence gain'd our 'Squire two gifts by right
Rebellion and the Second-sight.
Of these the first, in ancient days,

Lexington. This allusion to the family renown of Chevy-Chase arose from the precipitate manner of his quitting the field of battle, and returning to Boston.

* "*See Fingal, an ancient Epic Poem published as the work of Ossian, a Caledonian Bard, of the third Century, by James M'Pherson, a Scotch ministerial scribbler.*

Had gain'd the noblest palms of praise,
'Gainst Kings stood forth, and many a
[crown'd head
With terror of its might confounded;
Till rose a King with potent charm
His foes with goodness to disarm;
Whom ev'ry Scot and Jacobite
Straight fell in love with—at first sight;
Whose gracious speech, with aid of
[pensions,
Hush'd down all murmurs of dissensions,
And with the sound of potent metal,
Brought all their blust'ring swarms to
[settle;
Who rain'd his ministerial mannas,
Till loud Sedition sung Hosannas;
The good Lords-Bishops and the Kirk
United in the public work;
Rebellion from the northern regions,
With Bute and Mansfield swore allè-
[giance,
And all combin'd to raze, as nuisance,
Of church and state, the constitutions;
Pull down the empire, on whose ruins
They meant to edify their new ones;
Enslave the Amer'can wildernesses,
And tear the provinces in pieces.

For these our 'Squire, among the
[liant'
Employ'd his time and tools and talen
And in their cause with manly zeal,
Us'd his first virtue to rebel;
And found this new rebellion pleasin
As his old king-destroying treason.
Nor less avail'd his optic sleight,
And Scottish gift of second-sight.
No ancient sybil, fam'd in rhyme,
Saw deeper in the womb of time;
No block in old Dodona's grove,
Could ever more orac'lar prove.
Nor only saw he all that was,
But much that never came to pass;
Whereby all Prophets far out-went h
Though former days produc'd a plen
For any man with half an eye,
What stands before him may espy;
But optics sharp it needs, I ween,
To see what is not to be seen.
As in the days of ancient fame
Prophets and poets were the same,
And all the praise that poets gain
Is but for what th' invent and feign:
So gain'd our 'Squire his fame by seei
Such things as never would have bein
Whence he for oracles was grown

The very tripod* of his town.
Gazettes no sooner rose a lie in,
But straight he fell to prophesying;
Made dreadful slaughter in his course,
O'erthrew provincials, foot and horse;
Brought armies o'er by sudden pressings,
Of Hanoverians, Swiss, and Hessians;
Feasted with blood his Scottish clan,
And hang'd all rebels to a man;
Divided their estates and pelf,
And took a goodly share himself.†
All this with spirit energetic,
He did by second-sight prophetic.
Thus stor'd with intellectual riches,

* "*The tripod was a sacred three legged stool, from which the ancient priests uttered their oracles.*"

† *This prophecy, like some of the prayers of Homer's heroes, was but half accomplished. The* Hanoverians, *&c. indeed, came over, and much were they* feasted with blood; *but the* hanging of the Rebels, *and the* dividing their estates, *remain unfulfilled. This, however, cannot be the fault of our Hero, but rather the British Minister, who left off the war before the work was completed.*

Skill'd was our 'Squire in making sp
[ch
Where strength of brains united cent
With strength of lungs surpassing St
[to
But as some muskets so contrive it,
As oft to miss the mark they drive a
And though well aim'd at duck or plo
Bear wide and kick their owners ov
So far'd our 'Squire, whose reas'n
[
Would often on himself recoil,
And so much injur'd more his side,
The stronger arg'ments he apply'd ;
As old war-elephants, dismay'd,
Trodd down the troops they came to
And hurt their own side more in ba
Than less and ordinary cattle,
Yet at town meetings eve'ry chief,
Pinn'd faith on great M'Fingal's slee
And, as he motioned all by rote
Rais'd sympathetic hand to vote.

The town, our Hero's scene of acti
Had long been torn by feuds of factic
And as each party's strength prevails
It turn'd up diff'rent heads or tails ;
With constant rattling, in a trice
Show'd various sides, as oft as dice :

As that fam'd weaver,* wife t' Ulysses,
By night each day's-work pick'd in [pieces ;
And though she stoutly did bestir her,
Its finishing was ne'er the nearer :
So did this town, with stedfast zeal,
Weave cobwebs for the public weal,
Which when completed, or before,
A second vote in pieces tore.
They, met, made speeches full long- [winded,
Resolv'd, protested, and rescined ;
Addresses sign'd, then chose Commit- [tees,
To stop all drinking of Bohea-teas ;†

* *Homer's Odyssey.*

† *One of the subjects of dispute, which brought on the war, was a tax laid upon tea, on its importation into the then Colonies. And, therefore, one of the weapons of opposition, made use of by the people, was a universal agreement,* not to drink any Tea until the tax should be taken off. *The Committees here referred to, were called* Committees of Safety ; *part of their business was to watch over the execution*

With winds of doctrine veer'd about
And turn'd all Whig-Committees out.
Meanwhile our Hero, as their head,
In pomp the tory faction led,
Still following, as the 'Squire should [please
Successive on, like files of geese.
And now the town was summon'd [greeting
To grand parading of town-meeting:
A show, that strangers might appal,
As Rome's grave senate did the Gaul.
High o'er the rout, on pulpit-stairs,*
Like den of thieves in house of pra'yrs
(That house, which, loth a rule to break,
Serv'd Heav'n but one day in the week,
Open the rest for all supplies
Of news and politics and lies,)
Stood forth the constable, and bore
His staff, like Merc'ry's wand of yore,
Wav'd potent round, the peace to keep,
As that laid dead men's souls to sleep.
Above and near th' Hermetic staff,

---

of the voluntary regulations made by the people in the several towns.

* *In country-towns the towns-meeting is gennerally held in the Church.*

The *moderator's upper half
In grandeur o'er the cushion bow'd,
Like Sol half seen behind a cloud.
Beneath stood voters of all colors,
Whigs, tories, orators and bawlers.
With ev'ry tongue in either faction,
*Prepar'd like minute-men,† for action;
Where truth and falsehood, wrong and right,
Draw all their legions out to fight;
With equal uproar, scarcely rave
Opposing winds in Æolus' cave;
Such dialogues, with earnest face,
Held never Balaam with his ass.

With daring zeal and courage blest,
Honorius first the crowd address'd;
When now our 'Squire, returning late,
Arriv'd to aid the grand debate,

---

* Moderator *is the name commonly given to the chairman or speaker of the town-meeting. He is here seated in the pulpit.*

† Minute-men *were that part of the militia of our country who, being drafted and enrolled by themselves, were prepared to march at a minute's warning, wherever the public safety required.*

With strange sour faces sat him dow
While thus the orator went on :
"—For ages blest, thus Britain ros
The terror of encircling foes ;
Her heroes rul'd the bloody plain ;
Her conqu'ring standard aw'd the ma
The diff'rent palms her triumphs gra
Of arms in war, of arts in peace :
Unharrass'd by maternal care,
Each rising province flourish'd fair ;
Whose various wealth with lib'ral ha
By far o'erpaid the parent land.
But though so bright her sun might shi
'Twas quickly hasting to decline,
With feeble rays, too weak t' assuage
The damps that chill the eve of age.
" For states, like men, are doom'd
[w
Th' infirmities of age to feel ;
And from their different forms of empi
Are seiz'd with every deep distemper
Some states high fevers have made he

Which nought could cure but copi
[bleedir
While others have grown dull and do
Or fix'd in helpless idiocy ;
Or turn'd demoniacs, to belabour

Each peaceful habitant and neighbor;
Or, vex'd with hypocondriac fits;
Have broke their strength, and lost their wits.

"Thus now, while hoary years prevail,
Good *Mother Britian* seem'd to fail;
Her back bent, crippled with the weight
Of age and debts, and cares of state:
For debts she ow'd, and those so large
That twice her wealth could not discharge;
And now 'twas thought, so high they'd grown,
She'd break, and come upon the town;*
Her arms of nations once the dread,
She scarce could live above her head;
Her deafen'd ears ('twas all their hope)
The final trump perhaps might ope,
So long they'd been in stupid mood,
Shut to the hearing of all good;
Grim Death had put her in his scroll,

* To come upon the town, *that is, to become a public charge. This remark will serve to explain many other allusions to town regulations in the course of this Poem.*

Down on the execution roll;
And Gallic crows, as she grew wea
Began to whet their beaks to pick l
And now her powers decaying fast,
Her grand climat'ric had she past,
And just like all old women else,
Fell in the vapours much by spells.
Strange whimsies on her fancy stru
And gave her brain a dismal shock
Her mem'ry fails, her judgment enc
She quite forgot her nearest friend
Lost all her former sense and knowle
And fitted fast for Bethle'm college
Of all the pow'rs she once retain'd
Conceit and pride alone remain'd.
As Eve, when falling, was so mode
To fancy she could grow a goddess
As madmen, straw, who long have s

Will style them, Jupiter, or Neptun
So Britain, 'midst her airs so flight
Now took a whim to be almighty;
Urg'd on to desp'rate heights of fre
Affirm'd her own Omnipotency;*

* *See the act declaring that the K and Parliament had* "*a right to bind Colonies* in all cases whatsoever."

uld rather ruin all her race,
n 'bate supremacy an ace ;
im'd all rights divine, as grown
church's head, like good pope Joan;
re all the world should bow and skip
her almighty Goodyship ;
th'matiz'd each unbeliever,
vow'd to live and rule for ever.
servants humor'd every whim,
own'd at once, her power supreme,
follies pleas'd in all their stages,
sake of legacies and wages ;
Stephen's Chapel then in state too
p her golden calf to pray to.
laim'd its pow'r and right divine,
call'd for worship at its shrine,
for poor Heretics to burn us
North prepare his fiery furnace ;
ck bargains with the Romish chur-
[ches,
llibility to purchase ;
wide for Popery the door,
e friends with Babel's scarlet whore,
'd both the matrons firm in clan ;
isters made a better span.

' *The Parliament-House, is called* *at name.*

No wonder then, ere this was over
That she should make her childre

She first without pretence of reas
Claim'd right whate'er we had to

And, with determin'd resolution
To put her claims in execution,
Sent fire and sword, and call'd it, L
Starv'd us, and cristen'd it, Huma
For she, her case grown desperat
Mistook the plainest thing in natu
Had lost all use of eyes or wits;
Took slav'ry for the Bill of Right
Trembled at whigs and deem'd ther
And stopp'd at loyalty her nose;
Styl'd her own children brats and c
And knew not us from th' Indian n
"What though with suplicating
We begg'd our lives and goods
[s
Not vainer vows, with sillier call,
Elijah's prophets rais'd to Baal;
A worshipp'd stock, of god or go
Had better heard and understood
So once Egyptians at the Nile
Ador'd their guardian Crocodile,
Who heard them first with kindes

And ate them to reward their pray'r ;
And could he talk, as kings can do,
Had made as gracious speeches too.
" Thus spite of pray'rs her schemes [pursuing,
She still went on to work our ruin ;
Annull'd our charters of releases,
And tore our title-deeds in pieces ;
Then sign'd her warrants of ejection,
And gallows rais'd to stretch our necks [on :
And on these errands sent in rage,
Her bailiff, and her hangman, Gage,*
And at his heels, like dogs to bait us,
Despatch'd her *Posse Comitatus.*
" No state e'er chose a fitter person
To carry such a silly farce on.

---

* *General Gage, commander in chief of the king's troops in North-America, was appointed in* 1773 *governor and vice-admiral of Massachusetts, in the room of Hutchinson, who had been the most active agent of the Minister, in fomenting the disputes which brought on the war.*

The character and conduct of Gage is described with great justice in the subsequent part of this speech of Honorius.

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Receiv'd at second hand their praise,
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And deified in barbers' blocks;
So Gage was chose to represent
Th' omnipotence of Parl'ment.
And as old heroes gain'd, by shifts,
From gods (as poets tell) their gifts;
Our gen'ral, as his actions show,
Gain'd like assistance from below,
By Satan graced with full supplies,
From all his magazine of lies:
Yet could his practice ne'er impart
The wit to tell a lie, with art:
Those lies alone are formidable,
Where artful truth is mix'd with fabl
But Gage has bungled oft so vilely,
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Of late he is not half so nice,
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For had he stood upon perfection,
His present friends had lost th' election,
And far'd as hard in the proceeding,
As owls and asses did in Eden.
"Yet fools are often dang'rous en'mies,
As meanest reptiles are most ven'mous;
Nor e'er could Gage by craft or prowess,
Have done a whit more mischief to us,
Since he began the unnatural war,
The work his masters sent him for.
"And are there in this free-born land,
Among ourselves, a venal band,
A dastard race, who long have sold
Their souls and consciences for gold;
Who wish to stab their country's vitals,
If they might heir surviving titles:
With joy behold our mischief brewing,
Insult and triumph in our ruin?
Priests, who, if Satan should sit down
To make a Bible of his own,
Would gladly for the sake of mitres,
Turn his inspir'd and sacred writers;
Lawyers, who, should he wish to prove
His title t' his old seat above,
Would, if his cause he'd give 'em fees in,
Bring writs of *Entry sur disseisin*,
Plead for him boldly at the session,
And hope to put him in possession;

Merchants, who for his kindly aid,
Would make him partner in their trade,
Hang out their signs with goodly show,
Inscrib'd with "*Belzebub and Co.*"
And judges, who would list his pages;
For proper liveries and wages;
And who as humbly cringe and bow
To all his mortal servants now?
There are; and shame with pointing [gestures,
Marks out the Addressers and Protes- [ters;*
Whom following down the stream of fate,
Contempts ineffable await,
And public infamy, folorn,
Dread hate, and everlasting scorn."
As thus he spake, our 'Squire M'- [Fingal
Gave to his partisans a signal.

---

* *The* Addressers *were those who addressed General Gage with expressions of gratitude and attachment, on his arrival with a fleet and army to subdue the Colonies. The* Protesters *were those who protested against the measures of the first Congress, and the general resolutions of the country.*

Not quicker roll'd the waves to land,
When Moses wav'd his potent wand,
Nor with more uproar than the Tories
Set up a gen'ral rout in chorus;
Laugh'd, hiss'd, hemm'd, murmur'd,
[groan'd, and jeer'd:
Honorius now could scarce be heard.
Our *Muse amid th' increasing roar,*
Could not distinguish one word more:
Though she sat by, in firm record
To take in short hand every word;
As ancient muses wont, to whom
Old bards for deposition come;
Who must have writ'em; for how else
Could they each speech *verbatim* tell us?
And *though some readers of romances*
Are apt to strain their tortured fancies,
And doubt when lovers all alone
Their sad soliloques do groan,
Grieve many a page with no one near
[em,
And *nought* but rocks and groves to hear
[em,
What spright infernal could have tattled
And told the authors all they prattled;
Whence some weak minds have made
[objection,
That what they scribbled must be fiction:

'Tis false, for while the lovers spoke,
The Muse was by with table-book;
And, lest some blunder might ensue,
Echo stood clerk, and kept the cue.
And though the speech ben't worth
[gro
As usual, 'tis'nt the author's fault,
But error merely of the prater,
Who should have talk'd to th' purp
[bette
Which full excuse, my critic brothers,
May help me out as well as others;
And 'tis design'd, though here it lurk,
To serve as preface to this work.
So let it be—for now our 'Squire
No longer could contain his ire;
And rising, 'midst applauding Tories,
Thus vented wrath upon Honorius.
Quoth he, "Tis wond'rous wh
[strange
Your Whigs' heads are compounded o
Which force of logic cannot pierce,
Nor sylogistic *carte & tierce*,
Nor weight of scripture or of reason
Suffice to make the least impression.
Nor heeding what ye rais'd contest on
Ye prate, and beg or steal the questio
And when your boasted arguings fail,

ht leave all reas'ning off, to rail.
not our High-Church clergy made
[it
ır from scriptures, which ye credit,
right divine from heaven was lent
ngs, that is, the Parliament,
· *subjects to oppress and teaze,*
erve the Devil when they please ?
ey not write, and pray, and preach,
orture all the parts of speech ;
Rebellion make a pother,
one end of the land to th' other ?
et gain'd fewer pros'lyte Whigs,
old *St. Anth'ny, 'mongst the pigs;
hang'd not half so many vicious
ıstin, when he preach'd to fishes ;
throng'd to hear, the legend tells,
edified and wagg'd their tails ;
:arce you'd prove it, if you tried,
e'er one whig was edified.
you not heard from †Parson Wal-
[ter
ı dire presage of many a halter?
ıat warnings had ye of your duty

—

The stories of St. Anthony and his
nd St. Austin's preaching to fishes,
ld in the Popish legends."

From our old Rev'rend †Sam. Auchm
From priests of all degrees and me
T' our fag-end man, poor *Parson
[t
Have not our Cooper and our Seal
Sung hymns, like Barak and old D
[
Prov'd all intrigues to set you free
Rebellion 'gainst *the pow'rs that be*
Brought over many a scripture tex
That us'd to wink at rebel sects,
Coax'd wayward ones to favor reg
Or paraphras'd them to obedience
Prov'd every king, ev'n those confe
Horns of th' Apocalyptic beast,

---

† " *High-Church Clergymen, on Boston, and one at New-York.*"

* " *Peters, a Tory-Clergyman in necticut, who, after making himself a table by his inimical conduct, absco from the contempt, rather than the geance of his countrymen, and fle England, to make complaints against colony: Cooper, a writer, poet, and rist of the same stamp, President o College at New-York; Seabury, a gyman of the same Province.*"

And ate them to reward their pray'r ;
And could he talk, as kings can do,
Had made as gracious speeches too.
" Thus spite of pray'rs her schemes [pursuing,
She *still* went on to work our ruin ;
Annull'd our charters of releases,
And tore our title-deeds in pieces ;
Then sign'd her warrants of ejection,
And gallows rais'd to stretch our necks [on :
And on these errands sent in rage,
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Gave to his partisans a signal.

---

* *The* Addressers *were those who addressed General Gage with expressions of gratitude and attachment, on his arrival with a fleet and army to subdue the Colonies. The* Protesters *were those who protested against the measures of the first Congress, and the general resolutions of the country.*

Not quicker roll'd the waves to land,
When Moses wav'd his potent wand,
Nor with more uproar than the Tories
Sat up a gen'ral rout in chorus;
Laugh'd, hiss'd, hemm'd, murmur'd,
[groan'd, and jeer'd:
Honorius now could scarce be heard.
Our *Muse* amid th' increasing roar,
Could not distinguish one word more:
Though she sat by, in firm record
To take in short hand every word;
As ancient muses wont, to whom
Old bards for deposition come;
Who must have writ'em; for how else
Could they each speech *verbatim* tell us?
And though some readers of romance
Are apt to strain their tortured fancies,
And doubt when lovers all alone
Their sad soliloques do groan,
Grieve many a page with no one near
[em,
And nought but rocks and groves to hear
[em,
What spright infernal could have tattled
And told the authors all they prattled;
Whence some weak minds have made
[objection,
That what they scribbled must be fiction:

'Tis false, for while the lovers spoke,
The Muse was by with table-book;
And, lest some blunder might ensue,
Echo stood clerk, and kept the cue.
And though the speech ben't worth
[groa
As usual, 'tis'nt the author's fault,
But error merely of the prater,
Who should have talk'd to th' purpo
[bette
Which full excuse, my critic brothers
May help me out as well as others;
And 'tis design'd, though here it lurk,
To serve as preface to this work.
So let it be—for now our 'Squire
No longer could contain his ire;
And rising, 'midst applauding Tories,
Thus vented wrath upon Honorius.
Quoth he, "Tis wond'rous whi
[strange stu
Your Whigs' heads are compounded o
Which force of logic cannot pierce,
Nor sylogistic *carle & tierce*,
Nor weight of scripture or of reason
Suffice to make the least impression.
Nor heeding what ye rais'd contest on
Ye prate, and beg or steal the questior
And when your boasted arguings fail,

Straight leave all reas'ning off, to rail.
Have not our High-Church clergy made [it
Appear from scriptures, which ye credit,
That *right divine* from heaven was lent
To kings, that is, the Parliament,
Their subjects to oppress and teaze,
And serve the Devil when they please?
Did they not write, and pray, and preach,
And torture all the parts of speech;
About Rebellion make a pother,
From one end of the land to th' other?
And yet gain'd fewer pros'lyte Whigs,
Than old *St. Anth'ny, 'mongst the pigs;
And chang'd not half so many vicious
As *Austin, when he preach'd to fishes*;
Who throng'd to hear, the legend tells,
Were edified and wagg'd their tails;
But scarce you'd prove it, if you tried,
That e'er one whig was edified.
Have you not heard from †Parson Wal- [ter
Much dire presage of many a halter?
What warnings had ye of your duty

---

* "*The stories of St. Anthony and his pig, and St. Austin's preaching to fishes, are told in the Popish legends.*"

From our old Rev'rend †Sam. Auc
From priests of all degrees and
T' our fag-end man, poor *Pars

Have not our Cooper and our S
Sung hymns, like Barak and old

Prov'd all intrigues to set you fr
Rebellion 'gainst *the pow'rs that*
Brought over many a scripture
That us'd to wink at rebel sects,
Coax'd wayward ones to favor
Or paraphras'd them to obedienc
Prov'd every king, ev'n those co
Horns of th' Apocalyptic beast,

---

† " *High-Church Clergymen, Boston, and one at New-York.*"

* " *Peters, a Tory-Clergyman necticut, who, after making himsel table by his inimical conduct, ab from the contempt, rather than t geance of his countrymen, and England, to make complaints aga colony: Cooper, a writer, poet, a rist of the same stamp, President College at New-York; Seabury, gyman of the same Province.*"

sprouting from its noddles seven,
in'd, as bishops are, by Heaven.
reasons sim'lar, we are told,
Tophet was ordain'd of old;)
nis lay ordination valid
mes all sanctify'd and hallow'd,
s patent out when Heav'n has [sign'd it,
starts up straight the Lord's an- [nointed:
extreme unction that can cleanse
penitent from deadly sins,
e them run glib, when oil'd by priest,
heavenly road, like wheels new [greas'd,
e them like shoe-ball, for defences
ast wear and tare of consciences;
ing's anointment cleans betimes,
fuller's earth, all spots of crimes;
future knav'ries gives commissions,
Papists sinning under license,
Heaven ordain'd the origin,
nes declare, of pain and sin;
e such great good they both have [done us,
l mercy 'twas they came upon us:
without pain and sin and folly,
ne'er were blest, or wise, or holy;

And we should *thank the Lord 'tis
As authors grave wrote long ago.
Now Heav'n its issues never brings
Without the means, and these are ki
And he who blames, when they
[nounce
Would counteract the eternal coun
As when the Jews, a murm'ring rac
By constant grumblings fell from gr
Heav'n taught them first to know t
[dista
By famine, slav'ry, and Philistines
When these could no repentance br
In wrath it sent them last a king,
So nineteen, 'tis believ'd in twenty
Of modern kings, for plagues are
[
Nor can your cavilers pretend,
But that they answer well their end
'Tis yours to yield to their comman
As rods in Providence's hand;
And if it means to send you pain,
You turn your noses up in vain:
Your only way's in peace to bear it
And make necessity a merit.

---

* " *See the Modern Metaphysical vinity.*"

Hence sure perdition must await
The man who rises 'gainst the state,
Who meets at once the damning sentence
Without one loop-hole for repentance;
E'en though he gain'd the royal see,
And rank among *the pow'rs that be:*
For *hell* is theirs, the Scripture shows,
Whoe'er *the pow'rs that be* oppose,
And all those pow'rs (I am clear that
['tis so)
Are damn'd forever, *ex officio.*
" Thus far our Clergy; but 'tis true,
We lack'd not earthly reas'ners too.
Had I the *Poet's brazen lungs,
As sound-board to his hundred tongues,
I could not half the scribblers muster
That swarm'd round Rivington† in clus-
[ter;

---

* " *Virgil's Ænead, 6th book, line* 625."

† *The Editor of the Royal Gazette, in New-York; a paper which answered very well to its title, it being filled with those impositions and falsehoods, which are deemed necessary to the support of Royalty in any country where printing is tolerated.*

Assemblies, Councilmen forsooth;
Brush, Cooper, Wilkins, Chandle
[Booth
Yet all their arguments and sap'ence
You did not value at three half-pence.
Did not one Massachusettensis*
For your conviction strain his senses?
Scrawl every moment he could spare,
From cards and barbers and the fair;
Show clear as sun in noon-day heaven
You did not feel a single grievance;
Demonstrate all your opposition
Sprung from the †eggs of foul sedition
Swear he had seen the nest she laid in
And knew how long she had been sitting
Could tell exact what strength of heat
Requir'd to hatch her out Committees
What shapes they take, and how muc
[longer'
The space before they grow t' a Con
[grea

* "*See a course of essays, under th signature of Massachusettensis.*"

† "*Committees of Correspondence a the foulest and most venomous serpents tha ever issued from the eggs of sedition,*" &c *Massachusettensis.*

New white-wash'd Hutchinson, and var-
[nish'd
Our Gage, who'd got a little tarnish'd;
Made 'em new masks in time, no doubt,
For Hutchinson's was quite worn out;
And while he muddled all his herd,
You did not heed a word he said.
Did not our grave *Judge Sewall hit
The summit of Newspaper wit?
Fill'd every leaf of every paper,
Of Mills, and Hicks, and mother Draper;
Drew proclamations, works of toil,
In true sublime of scare crow-stile;
Wrote farces too, 'gainst the Sons of
[Freedom,
All for *your good*, and none would read
['em;
Denounc'd damnation on their frenzy,
Who died in Whig impenitency;
Affirm'd that Heav'n would lend us aid,

---

* "*Attorney-General of Massachusetts Bay, a Judge of Admiralty, Gage's chief Advertiser and Proclamation-maker, author of a farce called the Americans Roused, and of a great variety of essays on the Ministerial side, in the Boston newspapers.*"

As all our Tory writers said ;
And calculated so its kindness,
He told the moment when it joi
" 'Twas then belike," Honorio
" When you the public fast defi
Refus'd to Heav'n to raise a pr
Because you'd no connexions t
And since, with rev'rend hearts a
To Governors you'd made addr
In them who made you Tories
You liv'd and mov'd and had yo
Your humble vows you would not
To Pow'rs you'd no acquaintanc
" As for your fasts," repl

" What circumstance could fasts
We kept them not, but 'twas n
We held them merely loss of t
For what advantage firm and l
Pray, did you ever get by fasti
And what the gains that can a r
From vows and off'rings to the
Will Heav'n reward with posts
Or send us Tea, as Consignees,

* *Alluding to the famous carg which was sunk in Boston Har Consignees of which were the tools Gage.*

ive pensions, sal'ries, places, bribes,
r choose us judges, clerks, or scribes;
as it commissions in its gift,
r cash to serve us at a lift?
re acts of Parliament there made,
o carry on the Placeman's trade?
r has it pass'd a single bill
o let us plunder whom we will?
nd look our list of Placemen all over;
id Heav'n appoint our chief judge Oliver
ill that high bench with ignoramus;
)r has its councils by mandamus?
Who made that wit of *water-gruel,
judge of Admiralty, Sewall?
nd were they not mere earthly struggles
'hat rais'd up Murray, say, and Rug-
[gles?
lid Heav'n send down our pains to
[med'cine,
'hat old simplicity of Edson;
)r by election pick out from us,
'hat Marshfield blund'rer, Nat. Ray
[Thomas?
'r had it any hand in serving
Loring, Pepp'rell, Browne, or Erving?
" Yet we've some saints, the very thing

* " *A proper emblem of his genius.*"

We'll put against the best you'l brir
For, can the strongest fancy paint
Than Hutchinson a greater saint ?
Was there a parson us'd to pray
At times more reg'lar—twice a day
As folks exact have dinners got,
Whether they've appetites or not ?
Was there a zealot more alarming
'Gainst public vice to hold forth sern
Or fix'd at church, whose inward mo
Roll'd up his eyes with more devot
What Puritan could ever pray
In godlier tone than Treas'rer *Gr
Or at town-meeting speechify'ing,
Could utter more melodious whine,
And shut his eyes and vent his mos
Like owl afflicted in the sun ?
Who once sent home, his canting r
Lord Dartmouth's self might out-b

[

" Have you forgot," Honorius c
" How your prime saint the truth de

---

* " *Treasurer of Massachusetts and one of the Madamus Council.*"

† *The detection of falsehood in G nor Hutchinson, here alluded to, is rious little history. It is told at la*

ffirm'd he never wrote a line,
our charter'd rights to undermine;
hen his own letters then were by,
hat prov'd his message all a lie?
low many promises he seal'd
o get the oppressive acts repeal'd;
et, once arriv'd on England's shore,
et on the Premier to pass more?
ut these are no defects, we grant,
a right loyal Tory saint,
hose godlike virtues must with ease
tone such venal crimes as these:
r ye perhaps in Scripture spy
new Commandment, "Thou shalt lie;"
nd if't to be so, (as who can tell?)
here's no one, sure, ye keep so well."
Quoth he, "For lies and promise-breaking
e need not be in such a taking;
or lying is, we know and teach,
he highest privilege of speech;
he universal Magna Charta,
o which all human race is party;
hence children first, as David says,
ay claim to 't in their earliest days;

---

e Remembrancer, *published by Almon*,
L.I.

The only stratagem in war
Our gen'rals have occassion for;
The only freedom of the press
Our politicians need in peace:
And 'tis a shame you wish't t' abridge
Of these our darling privileges.
Thank Heav'n, your shot have mis
[their a
For lying is no sin, or shame.
"As men last wills may change ag
Though drawn in name of God, Am
Besure they must have much the mo
O'er promises as great a pow'r,
Which, made in haste, with small
[specti
So much the more will need correcti
And when they've careless spoke,
[penn'd '
Have right to look 'em o'er and m
[e
Revise their vows, or change the te
By way of codicil annex'd,
Turn out a promise that was base,
And put a better in its place.
So Gage of late agreed, you know,
To let the Boston people go;
Yet when he saw, 'gainst troops
[brav'd h

They were the only guards that sav'd [him,
Kept off that Satan of a Putnam,*
From breaking into maul and mutt'n [him:
He'd too much wit such leagues t' ob- [serve,
And shut them in again to starve.

"So Moses writes, when female Jews
Made oaths and vows unfit for use,
Their parents then might set them free
From that consc'entious tyranny:
And shall men feel that spir'tual bondage
For ever, when they grow beyond age;
Nor have they pow'r their own oaths to [change?
think the tale were very strange.
Shall vows but bind the stout and strong
And let go women weak and young,
As net inclose the larger crew,
And let the smaller fry creep through?

---

* *General Putnam of Connecticut, who had gained great reputation, as a Partizan officer, in the war before last, came forward with activity in the beginning of the war of independence; but his age and infirmity obliged him soon to quit the field.*

Besides, the Whigs have all been
The tories to affright and threate
Till Gage, amidst his trembling f
Has hardly kept him in his wits
And though he speak with art and
'Tis said beneath *duress per mina*
For we're in peril of our souls
From feathers, tar, and lib'rty-po
And vows extorted are not bindi
In law, and so not worth the mir
For we have in this hurly-burly
Sent off our consciences on furlo
Thrown our religion o'er in form
Our ship to lighten in the storm.
Nor need we blush your Whigs b
If we've no virtue, you've no mo
" Yet, black with sins, would

Rail ye at crimes by ten tints wh
And, stuff'd with choler atrabilio
Insult us here for peccadilloes ?
While all your vices run so high
That mercy scarce could find su
While, should you offer to repen
You'd need more fasting days tha
More groans than haunted churc

[V

more confessions than broad-alleys.*
how you all at fitter time,
extent and greatness of your crime,
here demonstrate to your face,
r want of virtue as of grace,
ıc'd from topics old and recent:
thus much must suffice at present.
th' after portion of the day,
ıve what more remains to say;
en I've good hope you'll all appear,
e fitted and prepar'd to hear,
l griev'd for all your vile demeanor:
now 'tis time t' adjourn for dinner."

Alluding to church discipline, where :rson is obliged to stand in the aisle of :hurch, called the Broad alley, name offence of which he has been guilty, ask pardon of his brethren.

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

M‘ FINGAL.

CANTO SECOND.

THE TOWN-MEETING, P. M.

THE Sun, who never stops to din
Two hours had pass‘d the mid-way li
And driving at his usual rate,
Lash‘d on his downward car of state
And now expir‘d the short vacation,
And dinner done in epic fashion ;
While all the crew beneath the trees
Eat pocket-pies or bread and cheese
For shall we like old Homer, care
To verify the bill of fare.
For now, each party, feasted well,
Throng‘d in, like sheep, at sound of b
With equal spirit took their places ;
And meeting op‘d with three O yess
When first the daring Whigs t‘ oppo
Again the great M‘Fingal rose,
Stretch‘d magisterial arm amain,
And thus assum‘d th‘ accusing strain
“ Ye Whigs, attend, and hear, affrig

The crimes whereof ye stand indicted;
The sins and follies past all compass,
That prove you guilty, or *non compos.*
I leave the verdict to your senses,
And Jury of your consciences;
Which though they're neither good nor [true,
Must yet convict you and your crew.
Ungrateful sons! a factious band,
That rise against your parent land
Ye viper race, that burst in strife,
The welcomb womb that gave you life,
Tear with sharp fangs, and forked tongue
Th' indulgent bowels, whence you [sprung;
And scorn the debt of obligation,
You justly owe the British nation,
Which since you cannot pay, your crew,
Affect to swear 'twas never due.
"Did not the deeds of England's [Primate*
First drive your fathers to this climate,
Whom jails, and fines, and every ill

* *The persecutions of the English Church under Archbishop Laud, are well known to have been the cause of the peopling of New-England.*

Forc'd to their good against their wi
Ye owe to their obliging temper,
The peopling your new-fangled empi
While every British act and canon
Stood forth your *causa sine qua non.*
Did they not send you charters o'er,
And give you lands you own'd before,
Permit you to spill your blood,
And drive out heathen where you cou
On these mild terms, that, conquest w
The realm you gain'd should be th
[ow
Or when of late, attack'd by those,
Whom her connexion made you foes,
Did they not then, distrest in war,
Send Gen'rals to your help from far.
Whose aid you own'd in terms l
[haugh
And thankfully o'erpaid your quota !

---

* *The war of* 1775, *between the E*
lish and the French was doubtless exci
by circumstances foreign to the inter
of the colonies which now form the Un
States. The colonies, however, paid m
than their proportion of the expense, a
the balance was repaid by the British
vernment, after the war.

Say, at what period did they grudge
To send you Governor or Judge,
With all their missionary crew,*
To teach you law and gospel too?
Brought o'er all felons in the nation,
To help you on in population,
Propos'd their Bishops to surrender,
And made their Priests a legal tender,
Who only ask'd in surplice clad,
The simple tythe of all you had:
And now to keep all knaves in awe,
Have sent their troops t' establish law,
And with gunpowder, fire, and ball,
Reform your people one and all.
Yet, when their insolence and pride
Have anger'd all the world beside,
When fear and want at once invade,
Can you refuse to lend them aid;
And rather risque your heads in fight,
Than gratefully throw in your mite?
Can they for debts make satisfaction,

* *The Missionaries were clergymen, ordained by the bishop of London, and settled in America. Those in the Northern Colonies were generally attached to the Royal cause.*

[illegible] their realm by
[t
[illegible] goods and lan
[illegible] inch of ca
[illegible] George, with want
[f
[illegible] bankrupt list.
[illegible] merc
[illegible] should
search
[illegible]
[illegible] whole in
[t
[illegible]
[illegible] bon
[illegible]
[illegible] starv
[illegible] conscience
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] vile designs
[illegible]

"Your boasted patriotism is scarce,
Your country's love is but a farce;
And after all the proofs you bring,
We Tories know there's no such thing:
Our English writers of great fame
Prove public virtues but a name,
Hath not *Dalrymple show'd in print,
And *Johnson too, there's nothing in't?
Produc'd you demonstration ample,
From others' and their own example,
That self is still, in either faction,
The only principle of action;
The loadstone whose attracting tether
Keeps the politic world together:
And, spite of all your double-dealing,
We Tories know 'tis so, by feeling.
"Who heeds your babbling of trans-
[mitting
Freedom to bratts of your begetting,
Or will proceed as though they were a tie
Or obligation to posterity?
We get 'em, bear 'em, breed and nurse;
What has post'rity done for us,
That we, lest they their right should lose
Should trust our necks to gripe the
noose;

* "*Ministerial Pensioners.*"

"And who believes you will not ru
You're cowards, every mother's son
And should you offer to deny,
We've witnesses to prove it by,
Attend th' opinion first, as referee,
Of your old Gen'ral, stout Sir Jeffer
Who swore that with five thousand f
He'd rout you all, and, in pursuit,
Run through the land as easily,
As camel through a needle's eye.
Did not the valiant Colonel Grant
Against your courage make his slan
Affirm your universal failure
In ev'ry principle of valor,
And swear no scamp'rers e'er co
[match y
So swift, a bullet scarce could catch y
And will ye not confess in this,
A judge most competent he is,
Well skill'd on runnings to decide,
At what himself has often tried?
'Twould not, methinks; be labour lo
If you'd sit down and count the co
And ere you call your Yankies out,
First think what work you've set ab
Have ye not rous'd, his force to try
That grim old beast, the British Lio
And know you not that at a sup

He's large enough to eat you up?
Have you survey'd his jaws beneath,
Drawn inventories of his teeth,
Or have you weigh'd in even balance
His strength and magnitude of talons?
His roar would turn your boasts to fear,
As *easily as sour small-beer.*
And make your feet from dreadful fray,
By native instinct, run away.
Britain, depend on't, will take on her
T' assert her dignity and honor,
And ere she'd lose your share of pelf,
Destroy your country, and herself.
For has not North declar'd they fight
To gain substantial rev'nue by't,
Denied he'd ever deign to treat,
'Till on your knees, and at his feet?
And feel you not a trifling ague,
From Van's *Delenda est Carthago?**
For this, now Britain has come to't,
Think you she has not means to do't?
Has she not set to work all engines
To spirit up the native Indians,

* *Alluding, as is supposed, to a speech in the British Parliament, in which "Delenda est Carthago," was applied to America.*

Send on your backs a savage band,
With each a hatchet in his hand,
T' amuse themselves with scal
[k
And butcher children and your wiv
That she may boast again with van
Her English national humanity ?
(For now, in its primeval sense,
This term, *humani'ty* comprehends
All things of which, on this side he
The *human mind* is capable ;
And thus 'tis well, by writers sage,
Applied to Britain and to Gage.)
And on this work to raise allies
She sent her duplicate of Guys,
To drive at diff'rent parts at once
Her stout Guy Carleton and Gay J
[
To each of whom, to send again y
Old Guy of Warwick were a ninn
Though the dun cow he fell'd in w
These kill-cows are his betters far.
" And has she not assay'd her n
To rouse your slaves to cut your thr
Sent o'er ambassadors with guinea
To bribe your blacks in Carolinas
And has not Gage, her missionary,
Turn'd many an Afric slave t' a T

And made th' Amer'can Bishop's see
[grow,
By many a new-converted Negro?
As friends to gov'rnment did not he
Their slaves at Boston late set free?
Enlist them in all black parade,
Set off with regimental red?
And were they not accounted then
Among his very bravest men?
And when such means she stoops to take
Think you she is not wide awake?
As Eliphaz' good man in Job,
Own'd num'rous allies through the
[globe;
Had brought the *stones along the
[street
To ratify a cov'nant meet,
And every beast from lice to lions,
To join in league of strict alliance:
Has she not cring'd, in spite of pride,

---

* *The stones and all the elements with*
[*thee*
Shall ratify a strict confed'racy;
Wild beasts their savage temper shall
[*forget,*
And for a firm alliance treat.
BLACKMORE'S PARAPHRASE OF JOB.

M‘ FINGAL.

CANTO SECOND.

THE TOWN-MEETING, P. M.

THE Sun, who never stops to dine
Two hours had pass‘d the mid-way lir
And driving at his usual rate,
Lash‘d on his downward car of state
And now expir‘d the short vacation,
And dinner done in epic fashion;
While all the crew beneath the trees,
Eat pocket-pies or bread and cheese:
For shall we like old Homer, care
To verify the bill of fare.
For now, each party, feasted well,
Throng‘d in, like sheep, at sound of be
With equal spirit took their places;
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Ye viper race, that burst in strife,
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Th' indulgent bowels, whence you [sprung;
And scorn the debt of obligation,
You justly owe the British nation,
Which since you cannot pay, your crew,
Affect to swear 'twas never due.
"Did not the deeds of England's [Primate*
First drive your fathers to this climate,
Whom jails, and fines, and every ill

---

* *The persecutions of the English Church under Archbishop Laud, are well known to have been the cause of the peopling of New-England.*

Forc'd to their good against their will
Ye owe to their obliging temper,
The peopling your new-fangled empire
While every British act and canon
Stood forth your *causa sine qua non.*
Did they not send you charters o'er,
And give you lands you own'd before,
Permit you to spill your blood,
And drive out heathen where you could
On these mild terms, that, conquest won
The realm you gain'd should be their
[own
Or when of late, attack'd by those,
Whom her connexion made you foes,*
Did they not then, distrest in war,
Send Gen'rals to your help from far.
Whose aid you own'd in terms less
[haughty
And thankfully o'erpaid your quota?

---

* *The war of* 1775, *between the English and the French was doubtless excited by circumstances foreign to the interests of the colonies which now form the United States. The colonies, however, paid more than their proportion of the expense, and the balance was repaid by the British government, after the war.*

Say, at what period did they grudge
To send you Governor or Judge,
With all their missionary crew,*
To teach you law and gospel too?
Brought o'er all felons in the nation,
To help you on in population,
Propos'd their Bishops to surrender,
And made their Priests a legal tender,
Who only ask'd in surplice clad,
The simple tythe of all you had:
And now to keep all knaves in awe,
Have sent their troops t' establish law,
And with gunpowder, fire, and ball,
Reform your people one and all.
Yet, when their insolence and pride
Have anger'd all the world beside,
When fear and want at once invade,
Can you refuse to lend them aid;
And rather risque your heads in fight,
Than gratefully throw in your mite?
Can they for debts make satisfaction,

* *The Missionaries were clergymen, ordained by the bishop of London, and settled in America. Those in the Northern Colonies were generally attached to the Royal cause.*

Should they dispose their realm by
[ti
And sell off Britain's goods and lanc
To France and Spain by inch of can
Shall good king George, with want
[pr
Insert his name in bankrupt list,
And shut up shop, like failing merch
That fears the bailiffs, should m
[search i
With poverty shall princes strive,
And nobles lack whereon to live?
Have they not rack'd their whole in
[tic
To feed their brats on posts and pensi
Made e'en Scotch friends with ta
[gr
And pick'd poor Ireland to the bone
Yet have on hand, as well deserving
Ten thousand bastards left for starvi
And can you now, with conscience c
Refuse them an asylum here?
Or not maintain, in matter fitting,
These genuine sons of Mother Brit
T' evade these crimes of blackest gr
You prate of Liberty in vain,
And strive to hide your vile designs,
With terms abstruse, like school-divi

"Your boasted patriotism is scarce,
Your country's love is but a farce;
And after all the proofs you bring,
We Tories know there's no such thing:
Our English writers of great fame
Prove public virtues but a name,
Hath not *Dalrymple show'd in print,
And *Johnson too, there's nothing in't?
Produc'd you demonstration ample,
From others' and their own example,
That self is still, in either faction,
The only principle of action;
The loadstone whose attracting tether
Keeps the politic world together:
And, spite of all your double-dealing,
We Tories know 'tis so, by feeling.
"Who heeds your babbling of trans-
[mitting
Freedom to bratts of your begetting,
Or will proceed as though they were a tie
Or obligation to posterity?
We get 'em, bear 'em, breed and nurse;
What has post'rity done for us,
That we, lest they their right should lose
Should trust our necks to gripe the
noose;

* "*Ministerial Pensioners.*"

"And who believes you will not run
You're cowards, every mother's son;
And should you offer to deny,
We've witnesses to prove it by,
Attend th' opinion first, as referee,
Of your old Gen'ral, stout Sir Jeffery
Who swore that with five thousand foc
He'd rout you all, and, in pursuit,
Run through the land as easily,
As camel through a needle's eye.
Did not the valiant Colonel Grant
Against your courage make his slant,
Affirm your universal failure
In ev'ry principle of valor,
And swear no scamp'rers e'er cou
[match you
So swift, a bullet scarce could catch yo
And will ye not confess in this,
A judge most competent he is,
Well skill'd on runnings to decide,
At what himself has often tried?
'Twould not, methinks; be labour lost
If you'd sit down and count the cost
And ere you call your Yankies out,
First think what work you've set abo
Have ye not rous'd, his force to try o
That grim old beast, the British Lion
And know you not that at a sup

He's large enough to eat you up?
Have you survey'd his jaws beneath,
Drawn inventories of his teeth,
Or have you weigh'd in even balance
His strength and magnitude of talons?
His roar would turn your boasts to fear,
As *easily as sour small-beer.*
And make your feet from dreadful fray,
By native instinct, run away.
Britain, depend on't, will take on her
T' assert her dignity and honor,
And ere she'd lose your share of pelf,
Destroy your country, and herself.
For has not North declar'd they fight
To gain substantial rev'nue by't,
Denied he'd ever deign to treat,
'Till on your knees, and at his feet?
And feel you not a trifling ague,
From Van's *Delenda est Carthago?**
For this, now Britain has come to't,
Think you she has not means to do't?
Has she not set to work all engines
To spirit up the native Indians,

* *Alluding, as is supposed, to a speech in the British Parliament, in which "Delenda est Carthago," was applied to America.*

Send on your backs a savage band,
With each a hatchet in his hand,
T' amuse themselves with scalp
[kni
And butcher children and your wive
That she may boast again with vanit
Her English national humanity ?
(For now, in its primeval sense,
This term, *humani'ty* comprehends
All things of which, on this side hell
The *human mind* is capable ;
And thus 'tis well, by writers sage,
Applied to Britain and to Gage.)
And on this work to raise allies
She sent her duplicate of Guys,
To drive at diff'rent parts at once on
Her stout Guy Carleton and Gay Jol
[sc
To each of whom, to send again ye,
Old Guy of Warwick were a ninny :
Though the dun cow he fell'd in war
These kill-cows are his betters far.
" And has she not assay'd her not
To rouse your slaves to cut your throa
Sent o'er ambassadors with guineas,
To bribe your blacks in Carolinas ?
And has not Gage, her missionary,
Turn'd many an Afric slave t' a Tor

And made th' Amer'can Bishop's see
[grow,
By many a new-converted Negro?
As friends to gov'rnment did not he
Their slaves at Boston late set free?
Inlist them in all black parade,
Set off with regimental red?
And were they not accounted then
Among his very bravest men?
And when such means she stoops to take
Think you she is not wide awake?
As Eliphaz' good man in Job,
Own'd num'rous allies through the
[globe;
Had brought the *stones along the
[street
To ratify a cov'nant meet,
And every beast from lice to lions,
To join in league of strict alliance:
Has she not cring'd, in spite of pride,

---

* *The stones and all the elements with*
[*thee*
Shall ratify a strict confed'racy;
Wild beasts their savage temper shall
[*forget,*
And for a firm alliance treat.
BLACKMORE'S PARAPHRASE OF JOB.

For like assistance, far and
Was there a creature so des
Its aid she has not sought ar
Till all this formidable leagu
Of Indians, British troops, an
And can you break these tri
By all your workmanship of
" Sir," quoth Honorious, "
You guess from past feats,

And from the mighty deeds
Foretel how fierce the war h
You, doubtless, recollected h
The annals of his first great
While, wearying out the Tori
He spent his breath in procl
While all his mighty noise a
Was us'd in wrangling upon
And boasted military fits
Clos'd in the straining of his
While troops in Boston comn
Laid nought but quires of pa
While strokes alternate st

Protest, address, and procla
And speech met speech, fib c

And Gage still answer'd, squi

"Though this not all his time was lost on;
He fortify'd the town of Boston;
Built breast-works that might lend assistance
To keep the patriots at a distance:
(*For howsoe'er the rogues might scoff,*
He *lik'd them best, the farthest off*;)
Of mighty use and help to aid
His courage when he felt afraid;
And whence right off, in manful station
He'd boldly pop his proclamation.
Our hearts must in our bosoms freeze
At such heroic deeds as these."
"Vain," quoth our 'Squire," you'll find to sneer
At Gage's first triumphant year;
For Providence, dispos'd to teaze us,
Can use what instruments it pleases,
To pay a tax, at Peter's wish,
His chief cashier was once a Fish;
An Ass, in Balaam's sad disaster,
Turn'd orator, and sav'd his master;
A Goose, plac'd sentry on his station,
Preserv'd old Rome from desolation;
An English bishop's *Cur of late

* "*See Bishop Atterbury's trial.*"

Disclos'd rebellions 'gainst the State;
So Frogs croak'd Pharaoh to repent-
[ance,
And Lice revers'd the threat'ning sen-
[tence:
And Heav'n can ruin you at pleasure,
By our scorn'd Gage, as well as Cesar.
Yet did our hero in these days
Pick up some laurel wreaths of praise.
And as the statuary of Seville
Made his crack'd saint an exc'llent
[devil;
So though our war few triumphs brings,
We gain'd great fame in other things.
Did not our troops show much discerning
And skill, your various arts in learning?
Outwent they not, each native noodle
By far, in playing Yankey-Doodle?*

* Yankey-Doodle, *as M'Fingal here relates, was a native Air of New-England, and was often played in derision by the British troops, particularly on their march to Lexington. Afterwards the captive army of Burgoyne was obliged to march to this tune, in the ceremony of piling their arms, at Saratoga. In the course of the war, it became a favorite air of Liberty,*

Which, as 'twas your New-England tune
'Twas marvellous they took so soon:
And ere the year was fully through,
Did not they learn to foot it too—
And such a dance as ne'er was known,
For twenty miles on end led down!*
Was there a Yankee trick you knew,
They did not play as well as you?
Did they not lay their heads together,
And gain your art to tar and feather,
When Col'nel Nesbitt through the town
In triumph bore the country-clown?
Oh, what a glorious work to sing
The vet'ran troops of Britain's king.
Advent'ring for th' heroic laurel,
With bag of feathers and tar-barrel?
To paint the cart where culprit ride,

---

like the present Ca Ira *of France. It is remarkable, that after the taking of the Bastille, and before the introduction of* Ca Ira, *the Paris guards played* Yankee Doodle.

* *This is Lord Percy's modern Chevychace; in which his lordship and his army were chased from Concord to Boston.*

And Nesbitt marching at his side,*

* *In the winter of* 1774 *and* 1775, *the British army had been stimulated by their officers and the Tories, to an ardent desire to see hostilities commence. But the instigators, wishing the Americans to be the aggressors, used the following stratagem to complete their purpose.*

On the first of May, 1775, *the king's standard was to be erected at Worcester, fifty miles from Boston, when Lieutenant Colonel Nesbitt immortalized himself by executing this plan to promote the quarrel, and give the army an opportunity of their desired revenge.*

A soldier, according to his directions, sold an old rusty musket to a countryman for three dollars, who brought vegetables to market. This could be no crime in the market-man, who had an undoubted right to purchase, and bear arms. He was, notwithstanding, immediately seized by Nesbitt, and conveyed to the guard-house, where he was confined all night. Early the next morning they stripped him naked, covered him with warm tar, and then with feathers, and conducted him to the north

Great executioner and proud,
Like hangman high on Holborn road;
And o'er the bright triumphal car
The waving ensigns of the war!
As when a triumph Rome decreed,
For great Calig'la's valiant deed,
Who had subdu'd the British seas,
By gath'ring cockles from their base;
In pompous car the conqu'ror bore
His captiv'd scallops from the shore,
Ovations gain'd his crabs for fetching,

---

end of the town, then to the south end, and as far as Liberty-Tree, where they dismissed the man, through fear of the people, (who by this time had collected in large numbers) and made their retreat to their barracks.

The party consisted of about thirty grenadiers of the 47th regiment with fixed bayonets, 20 drums and fifes playing the rogue's march, headed by Nesbitt, with a drawn sword.

The magistrates of the town waited on General Gage with a complaint of this outrage; he pretended disapprobation; but took no steps to censure the conduct of Nesbitt, or to do justice to the man who had suffered the violence.

And mighty feats of oyster-catchin
O'er Yankies thus the war begun,
They tarr'd and triumph'd over one
And fought and boasted through
[sea
With might as great, and equal rea
"Yet thus though skill'd in vic'try
They boast, not unexpert in wiles.
For gain'd they not an equal fame i
The art and secrecy and scheming
In stratagems show'd mighty force,
And moderniz'd the Trojan horse;
Play'd o'er again those tricks Ulyss
In their fam'd Salem-expedition?
For as that horse, the poets tell ye,
Bore Grecian armies in his belly;
Till, their full reck'ning run, with
Their Sinon midwif'd them in Troy
So in one ship was Leslie bold
Cramm'd with three hundred me
[h
Equipp'd for enterprise and sail,
Like Jonas stow'd in womb of whal
To Marblehead, in depth of night,
The cautious vessel wing'd her flight
And now the Sabbath's silent day
Call'd all your Yankies off to pray
Remov'd each prying jealous neighb

The scheme and vessel fell in labour;
Forth from its hollow womb pour'd [hast'ly
The Myrmidons of Col'nel Leslie:
Not thicker o'er the blacken'd strand
The *Frogs' detachment rush'd to land,
Equipp'd by onset or surprise
To storm the entrenchment of the Mice.
Through Salem straight without delay,
The bold batallion took its way,
March'd o'er a bridge in open sight
Of sev'ral Yankies arm'd for fight,
Then without loss of time, or men,
Veer'd round for Boston back again;
And found so well their projects thrive,
That *ev'ry soul* got home alive.

"*Thus* Gage's arms did fortune bless
With triumph, safety, and success:
But mercy is, without dispute,
His first and darling attribute:
So great, it far outwent and conquer'd
His military skill at Concord,
There, when the war he chose to wage,
Shone the benevolence of Gage:

---

* "*See Homer's Battle of the Frogs and Mice.*

Sent troops to that ill-omen'd place
On errands mere of special grace,
And all the work he chose them for
Was to *prevent a civil war:
And for that purpose he projected
The only certain way t' effect it,
To take your powder, stores and ar
And all your means of doing harms
As prudent folks take knives away,
Lest chrildren cut themselves at pla
And yet, though this was all his sche
This war you still will charge on hi
And though he oft has sworn, and sai
Stick close to facts, and give no credi
Think you, he wish'd you'd brave
[beard hi
Why, 'twas the very thing that sc
[h
He'd rather you should all have ru
Than staid to fire a single gun.
And for the civil war you lament,
Faith, you yourselves must take
[blame i
For had you then, as he intended,

* *See Gage's answer to Governor Tr bull.*

a up your arms, it must have ended,
re that's no war, each mortal knows
ere one side only gives the blows,
l th' others bears 'em ;on reflection,
: most you'll call it, is correction.
· could the contest have gone higher
ou had ne'er return'd the fire ;
when you shot, and not before,
ıen commenc'd a civil war.
: Gage, to end this controversy,
l but corrected you in mercy ;
om mother Britain, old and wise,
t o'er the col'nies to chastise ;
ımand obedience on their peril
Ministerial whip and ferule ;
l since they ne'er could come of age,
'ern'd and tutor'd them by Gage,
more, that this was all their errand
army's conduct makes apparent.
ıt though at Lexington you can say
:y kill'd a few they did not fancy,
Concord then, with manful popping,
:harg'd a round, the ball to open ;
when they saw, your rebel rout
:rmin'd still to hold it out,
they not show their love to peace,
wish, that discord straight might
[cease—

Demonstrate, and by proofs u
Their orders were, to injure n
For did not ev'ry Reg'lar run
As soon as e'er you fir'd a gu
Take the first shot you sent t

As meant their signal for ret
And fearful if they staid to sp
You might by accident be hur
Convey themselves with spee
Full twenty miles in half a da
Race till their legs were grown
They'd scarce suffice their

Whence Gage extols, from gen

The †great activ'ty of Lord P

---

* *In the ancient wars in An term* Regular, *was applied t troops, to distinguish them fro vincials, or new levies of the co the commencement of the late same terms of distinction were*

† "*Too much praise cannot to Lord Percy, for his remar vity through the whole day.*" Gage's account of Lexingto

Those brave example led them on,
nd spirited the troops to run;
id now may boast, at royal levees,
Yankey chace worth forty Chevys.
it you, as vile as they were kind,
ursued, like tigers, still behind;
r'd on them at your will, and shut
ie town, as though you'd starve them
[out:
id with parade prepost'rous *hedg'd,
fect to hold them there besieg'd;
hough Gage, whom proclamations
[call
our Gov'rnor and Vice-Admiral,
Whose pow'r gubernatorial still
xtends as far as Bunker's Hill—
Whose admiralty reaches clever,
ear half a mile up Mystic river,
hose naval force commands the seas,
n run away whene'er he please)
ar'd troops of tories into town,
id burnt their hay and houses down,

* "*And with a preposterous parade of litary arrangement, they affect to hold army besieged.*"
Gage's last grand Proclamation.

And menac'd Gage, unless he'd flee,
To drive him headlong to the sea ;
As once, to faithless Jews a sign,
The de'el, turn'd hog-reeve, did t
[swin
" But now your triumphs all are o'
For see, from Britain's angry shore,
With mighty hosts of valour, join
Her Howe, her Clinton, and Burgoyn
As comets through th' affrighted skie
Pour baleful ruin, as they rise ;
As Ætna, with infernal roar,
In conflagration sweep the shore ;
Or as *Abijah White, when sent
Our Marshfield friends to represent,
Himself while dread array involves,
Commissions, pistols, swords, resolve
In awful pomp descending down,
Bore terror on the factious town :
Not with less glory and affright,

* " *He was a representative of Mar
field, and employed to carry their fam
town-resolves to Boston. He armed hi
self in a ridiculous military array,
another Hudibras, pretending he was
fraid he should be robbed of them.*"

Parade these Gen'rals forth to fight.
No more each Reg'lar Col'nel *runs
From whizzing beetles, as air-guns,
Thinks horn-bugs bullets—or, through [fears,
Muskitoes takes for musqueteers;
Mor 'scapes, as though you'd gain allies
From Belzebub's whole host of flies.
No bug their warlike hearts appals,
They better know the sound of balls.
I hear the din of battle bray,
The trump of horror marks its way,
I see afar the sack of cities,
The gallows strung with Whig-Commit- [tees;

* "*This was a fact. Some British officers, soon after Gages arrival at Boston, walking on Beacon-Hill, after sunset, were affrighted by noises in the air (supposed to be the flying of bugs and beetles) which they took to be the sound of bullets, and left the hill with great precipation. Concerning which they wrote terrible accounts to England of their being shot at with air-guns; as appears by one or two letters, extracts from which were published in the English papers.*

Your Moderators tric'd like vermin,
And gate-posts grac'd with heads
[Chairm
Your Gen'rals for wave-off'rings hangi
And ladders throng'd with priests har
[gui
What pill'ries glad the Tories' eyes,
With Patriot-ears for sacrifice!
What whipping-posts your chosen r
Admit successive in embrace,
While each bears off his crimes, alac
Like Bunyan's pilgrim, on his back!
Where then, when Tories scarce g
[cle
Shall Whigs and Congresses appear
What rocks and mountains shall y
[c
To wrap you over with their fall,
And save your heads, in these sad wea
[e
From fire and sword, and tar and feath
For lo, with British troops, tar-brigh
Again our Nesbitt heaves in sight!
He comes, he comes, your lines to sto
And rig your troops in uniform!
To meet such heroes, will ye brag,
With fury arm'd and feather-bag;
Who wield their missile pitch and ta

n engines new in British war ?
Lo, where our mighty navy brings,
truction on her canvas wings ;
ile through the deeps her potent
[thunder
ll sound th' alarm to rob and plunder
Phœbus first, (so Homer speaks,)
en *he* march'd out t' attack the
[Greeks,
nst mules sent forth his arrows fatal,
slew th' auxiliaries, their cattle ;
rhere our ships shall stretch the keel,
at conquer'd oxen shall they steal !
at heroes, rising from the deep,
ade your marshall'd hosts of sheep !
perse whole troops of horse, and,
[pressing,
ce cows surrender at discretion ;
ick your hens, like Alexanders,
reg'ment rout of geese and ganders:
where united arms combine,
d captive many a herd of swine !
n *rush* in dreadful fury down
fire on ev'ry sea-port town ;
lay their glory and their wits,
ht unarm'd children into fits,
stoutly from th' unequal fray
e many a woman run away !

And can ye doubt, whene'er we
Our chiefs shall boast such de

Have we not chiefs, transcendin
The old fam'd *thunderbolts of wa*
Beyond the brave romantic fight
Styl'd *swords of death* by novel-
Nor in romancing ages e'er rose
So terrible a tier of heroes.
From Gage, what flashes frig

How loud a blunderbuss is Grav
How Newport dreads the blust'ri

That thunder from our pop-gun

While noise, in formidable strai
Spouts from his thimble-full of b
I see you sink with aw'd surpris
I see our Tory-brethren rise !

---

* *Admiral Graves and Captai*
lace lay before the town of Ne
long time, and by their "deeds al
roic," merited all the praises that
ing M'Fingal has here bestowe
them.

And as the sect'ries Sandemanian,*
Our friends, describe their wish'd Mil-
[lennium;
Tell how the world, in ev'ry region;
At once, shall own their true religion;
For Heav'n, with plagues of awful dread
Shall knock all hereticks o'er the head;
And then their church, the meek in spirit
The earth, as promis'd, shall inherit,
From the dead wicked, as heir-male,
And next remainder-men in tail:
Such ruin shall the Whigs oppress!
Such spoils our Tory friends shall bless!
While confiscation at command
Shall stalk in horror through the land,
Shall give your Whig estates away,
And call our brethren in to play.
"And can ye doubt or scruple more,
These thing are near you at the door?
Behold! for though to reas'ning blind,
Signs of the times ye sure might mind,
And view impending fate as plain
As ye'd foretel a show'r of rain.

* *The religious sect of Sandemanians have singular ideas of the Millennium. Their political religion during the Revolution was Toryism.*

"Hath not Heav'n warn'd you v
[must en
And Providence declar'd against yo
Hung forth its dire portents of war,
By *signs and beacons in the air;
Alarm'd old women, all around,
By fearful noises under ground;
While earth for many dozen league
Groan'd with her dismal load of Wh
Was there a meteor far and wide
But muster'd on the Tory side?
A star, malign, that has not bent
Its aspect for the Parliament,
Foreboding your defeat and misery
As once they fought against old Sise
Was there a cloud that spread the sk
But bore our armies of allies?
While dreadful hosts of fire stood f
Mid baleful glimmerings from t
[Nor

* "*Such stories of prodigies wer that time industriously propagated an the Tory party in various parts of A England, to terrify and intimidate superstitious.*"

† *It is said to be a fact, that in Am ca, about the commencement of the*

Which plainly shews which part they [join'd,
For North's the minister, ye mind;
Whence oft your quibblers in gazettes
On *Northern blasts* have strain'd their [wits;
And think you not the clouds know how
To make the pun as well as you?
Did there arise an apparition,
Rut grinn'd forth ruin to sedition?
A death watch, but has join'd our [leagues,
And click'd destruction to the Whigs?
Heard ye not, when the wind was fair,
At night, our or'tors in the air,
That, *loud as admiralty-libel,*
Read awful chapters from the bible,
And death and deviltry denounc'd,
And told you, how you'd soon be trounc'd
I see to join our conqu'ring side.
Heav'n, and earth, and hell at once allyd!
See from your overthrow and end,
The Tories' paradise ascend;

---

the aurora borealis, *appeared more frequently than usual, and assumed more singular appearances.*

Like that new world that claims its st
[ti
Beyond the final conflagration!
I see the day, that lots your share
In utter darkness and despair;
The day of joy, when North, our Lo
His faithful servants shall reward!
No Tory then shall set before him
Small wish of 'Squire, or Justice Qu
[rur
But, 'fore his unmistaken eyes
See Lordships, post and pensions rise
Awake to gladness, then ye Tories,
Th' unbounded prospect lies before u
The pow'r display'd in Gage's banne
Shall cut American lands to manors,
And o'er our happy, conquer'd groun
Dispense estates and titles round.
Behold the world will stare at new se
Of home-made *earls, in Massachuset
Admire, array'd in ducal tassels,
Your Ol'vers, Hutchinsons and Vassa
See, join'd in ministerial work,
His grace of Albany and York!
What Lordships from each carv'd esta
On our New-York assembly wait!

* *See Hutchinson's and Oliver's lette*

What titled*Jauncys, Gales and Billops
Lord Brush, Lord Wilkins, and Lord
[Phillips;
In wide-sleev'd pomp of godly guise,
What solemn rows of Bishops rise!
Aloft a Card'nal's hat is spread
O'er punster † Cooper's rev'rend head
In Vardell, that poetic zealot,
I view a lawn bedizen'd prelate!
While mitres fall, as 'tis their duty,
On heads of Chandler and Auchmuty!
Knights, viscounts, barons, shall ye
[meet,
As thick as pavements in the street!
Ev'n I perhaps, Heav'n speed my claim,
Shall fix a *Sir* before my name.
For titles all our foreheads ache;
For what blest changes can they make!

---

* *Members of the ministerial majority in the New-York assembly; Wilkins, a noted writer.*

† *President Cooper, a notorious punster: Vardell, author of some poetical satires on the sons of liberty in New-York and royal professor in King's college; Chandler and Auchmuty, High-church and Tory-writers of the clerical order.*

Place rev'rence, grace, and excel
Where neither claim'd the leas
[t
Transform by patent's magic wo
Men, likest devils, into Lords ;
Whence commoners, to peer tra

Are justly said to be *created!*
Now where commissioners ye saw
Shall boards of noble deal you la
Long rob'd comptrollers judge
[r
And tide-waiters start up in knigh
While Whigs, subdued in slavish
Our wood shall hew, our water d
And bless that mildness, when past
Which sav'd their necks from no

For as to gain assistance we
Design their negroes to set free ;
For Whigs, when we enough shall

Perhaps 'tis better not to hang 'e
Except their chiefs ; the vulgar k
Will do more good preserv'd for sl
" 'Tis well," Honorius cried, '
[s
Has painted out a pretty dream.

We can't confute your second sight;
We shall be slaves and you a knight;
These things must come; but I divine
They'll come not in your day, or mine.
But O! my friends, my brethren hear,
And turn for once th' attentive ear.
Ye see how prompt to aid our woes,
The tender mercies of our foes;
Ye see with what unvaried rancour
Still for our blood their minions hanker,
Nor ought can sate their mad ambition,
From us, but death, or worse, submis-
[sion.
Shall these then riot in our spoil,
Reap the glad harvest of our toil,
Rise *from* their country's ruin proud,
And roll their chariot-wheels in blood?
And can ye sleep while high outspread
Hangs desolation o'er your head?
See Gage, with inauspicious star,
Has op'd the gates of civil war;
When streams of gore from freemen
[slain,
Encrimson'd Concord's fatal plain;
Whose warning voice, with awful sound,
Still cries like Abel's, from the ground,
And Heav'n attentive to its call,
Shall doom the proud oppressor's fall.

"Rise then, ere run swift surprise
To victory, to vengence rise!
Hark! how the distant din alarms!
The echoing trumpet breathes, To arn
From provinces, remote afar,
The sons of glory rouse to war;
'Tis Freedom calls; th' enraptur'd
[sou
The Apalachian hills rebound;
The Georgian shores her voice shall he
And start from lethargies of fear.
From the parch'd zone, with glowing r
Where pours the sun intenser day,
To shores where icy waters roll,
And tremble to the dusky pole,
Inspir'd by Freedom's heav'nly charn
United nations wake to arms.
The star of conquest lights their way
And guides their vengeance on th
[prey.
Yes, though tyrannic force oppose,
Still shall they triumph o'er their foe
Till Heav'n the happy land shall bles
With safety, liberty, and peace.
"And ye, whose souls of dasta
[mou
Start at the brav'ry of the bold;
To love your country who pretend,

Yet want all spirit to defend;
Who feel your fancies so prolific,
Engend'ring vision'd whims terrific,
O'er-run with horrors of coercion,
Fire, blood, and thunder in reversion,
King's standards, pill'ries, confiscations
And Gage's scare-crow proclamations,
With all the trumpery of fear;
Hear bullets whizzing in your rear;
Who scarce could rouse, if caught in [fray,
Presence of mind to run away;
See nought but halters rise to view
In all your dreams (and dreams are [true;)
And while these phantoms haunt your [brains,
Bow down the willing neck to chains.
Heav'ns! are ye sons of sires so [great,
Immortal in the fields of fate.
Who brav'd all deaths by land or sea,
Who bled, who conquer'd to be free!
Hence! coward souls, the worst disgrace
Of our forefathers, valiant race;
Flie homeward from the glorious field;
There turn the wheel, the distaff wield;

Act what ye are, nor dare to stain
The warrior's arms with touch profan
There beg your more heroic wives
To guard your children and your lives
Beneath their aprons find a screen,
Nor dare to mingle more with men."
As thus he said, the Tories' anger
Could now restrain itself no longer,
Who tried before by many a freak, o
Insulting noise, to stop the speaker;
Swung th' unoil'd hinge of each pe
[doo
Their feet kept shuffling on the floor:
Made their disapprobation known
By many a murmur, hum or groan,
That to his speech supplied the place
Of counterpart in thorough-bass:
As bag-pipes, while the tune they breath
Still drone and grumble underneath;
Or as the fam'd Demosthenes
Harangu'd the rumbling of the seas,
Held forth, with eloquence full grave,
To audience loud of wind and wave?
And had a stiller congregation
Than Tories are, to hear th' oration,
But now the storm grew high and loud
As nearer thund'rings of a cloud are,

And ev'ry soul, with heart and voice,
Supplied his quota of the noise;
Each list'ning ear was set on torture,
Each Tory bell'wing out, To order:
And some, with tongue not low or weak,
Were clam'ring fast, for leave to speak;
The moderator with great vi'lence,
The cushion thump'd with "Silence!
[silence!"
The constable to ev'ry prater
Bawl'd out, "Pray hear the modera-
[tor;"
Some call'd the vote, and some, in turn,
Were screaming high "Adjourn, ad-
[journ."
Not chaos heard such jars and clashes
When all the el'ments fought for places.
Each bludgeon soon for blows was tim'd;
Each fist stood ready cock'd and prim'd;
The storm each moment louder grew:
His sword the great M'Fingal drew,
Prepar'd in either chance to share,
To keep the peace, or aid the war.
Nor lack'd they each poetic being,
Whom bards alone are skill'd in seeing;
Plum'd Victory stood perch'd on high,
Upon the pulpit-canopy

To join, as is her custom tried,
Like Indians on the strongest side ;
The Destinies, with shears and distaff,
Drew near, their threads of life to twi
[of
The furies 'gan to feast on blows,
And broken heads or bloody nose ;
When on a sudden, from without,
Arose a loud terrific shout ;
And straight the people all at once hea
Of tongues an universal concert ;
Like Æsop's time, as fable runs,
When ev'ry creature talk'd at once ;
Or like the variegated gabble
That craz'd the carpenters of Babel,
Each party soon forgot the quarrel,
And let the other go on parole ;
Eager to know what fearful matter
Had conjur'd up such gen'ral clatter ;
And left the church in thin array,
As though it had been lecture-day,
Our'Squire M'Fingal straitway beckon
The constable to stand his second,
And sallied forth, with aspect fierce,
The crowd assembled to disperse.
The moderator out of view,
Beneath a bench had lain perdue ;

eep'd up his head to view the fray,
*eh*eld the wranglers run away,
ıd, left alone, with solemn face,
ljourn'd them without time or place.

END OF THE SECOND CANTO.

M‘ FINGAL.

CANTO THIRD.

THE LIBERTY-POLE.

NOW, arm'd with ministerial ir
Fierce sallied forth our loyal 'Squi
And on his striding steps attends
His desp'rate clan of Tory friends
When sudden met his angry eye,
A pole ascending through the sky,
Which num'rous throngs of Whi

Were raising in the market-place
Not higher school-boys' kites aspir
Or royal mast, or country spire,
Like spears at Brobdingnagian tilt
Or Satan's walking staff in Milton
And on its top the flag, unfurl'd,
Wav'd triumph o'er the prostrate w
Inscrib'd with inconsistent types
Of *liberty* and *thirteen stripes.*
Beneath, the crowd, without delay,
The dedication-rites essay,

ladly pay, in ancient fashion,
eremonies of libation;
› briskly to each patriot lip
.s eager round th' inspiring flip:*
ious draught, whose pow'rs inherit
quintessence of public spirit!
h whoso tastes, perceives his mind
›*bler politics* refin'd,
us'd for martial controversy,
›m transforming cups of Circe;
arm'd with Homer's nectar'd li-
[quor,
fill'd the veins of Gods with ichor.
nd, for new supplies in store,
tavern opes its friendly door,
nce to and fro the waiters run,
bucket-men, at fires in town.
with three shouts that tore the sky,
›onsecrate to Liberty:
ıard it from the attacks of Tories,
ınd committee cull'd of four is,
, foremost on the patriot spot,
bought the flip and paid the shot.
this M'Fingal with his train,
ıc'd upon the adjacent plain,

'lip is a liquor composed of beer, nd sugar.

And fierce, with royal rage posses'd,
Pour'd forth the zeal that fir'd his bre
" What mad-brain'd rebel gave comn
[s
To raise this May-pole of sedition ?
Like Babel rear'd by bawling throng
With like confusion, too, of tongues,
To point at heav'n, and summon do
The thunders of the British crown ?
Say, will this paltry pole secure
Your forfeit heads from Gage's pow'
Attack'd by heroes brave and crafty,
Is this to stand your ark of safety ?
Or, driv'n by Scottish laird and lad
Think ye to rest beneath its shadow
When bombs, like fiery serpents, fly,
And balls move hissing through the s
Will this vile pole, devote to freedon
Save, like the Jewish pole in Edom,
Or, like the brazen snakes of Moses,
Cure your crack'd skulls and batte
[nos
Ye dupes to ev'ry factious rogue
Or tavern-prating demagogue,
Whose tongue but rings with sou
[more f
On th' empty drumhead of his skull:
Behold you not what noisy fools,

Use you, worse simpletons, for tools?
For Liberty, in your own by-sense,
Is but for crimes a patent licence;
To break of law the Egyptian yoke,
And throw the world in common stock;
Reduce all grievances and ills
To *Magna Charta* of your wills;
Establish cheats, and frauds, and non-
[sense,
Fram'd by the model of your conscience;
Cry justice down, as out of fashion,
And fix its scale of depreciation;*
Defy all creditors to trouble ye,
And pass new years of Jewish Jubilee;
Drive judges out, like Aaron's calves,
By *jurisdiction* of white staves,
And make the bar, and bench, and
[steeple,
Submit t' our sovereign Lord, the Peo-
[ple;
Assure each knave his whole assets,

* *Alluding to the depreciation of the continental paper-money. The declining value of this Currency was ascertained and declared by Congress, in what was called* a scale of depreciation. *See more of this subject in the last Canto.*

By gen'ral amnesty of debts;
By plunder rise to power and glory,
And brand all property as Tory;
Expose all wares to lawful seizures
Of mobbers and monopolizers;
Break heads, and windows, and the peace;
For your own interest and increase:
Dispute, and pray, and fight, and groan,
For public good, and mean your own;
Prevent the laws, by fierce attacks,
From quitting scores upon your backs;
Lay your old dread, the gallows, low,
And seize the stocks, your ancient foe,
And turn them as convenient engines
To wreak your patriotic vengeance;
While all, your claims who understand
Confess they're in the owners hand:
And when by clamors and confusions,
Your freedom's grown a public nuisance,
Cry, *Liberty* with pow'rful yearning,
As he does, *fire*, whose house is burning,
Though he already has much more,
Than he can find occasion for,
While ev'ry dunce, that turns the plains
Though bankrupt in estate and brains
By this new light transform'd to traitor
Forsakes his plough, to turn dictator,

ts an haranguing chief of Whigs,
drags you by the ears like pigs.
bluster arm'd with factious licence,
nsform'd at once to politicians;
h leather-apron'd clown, grown
[wise,
ents his forward face t'advise,
tatter'd legislators meet
n every work-shop through the
[street,
goose the tailor finds new use in,
patch and turn the constitution;
blacksmith comes with sledge and
[grate,
iron-bind the wheels of state;
quack forbears his patient's souse,
urge the Council and the house;
tinker quits his moulds and doxies,
ast assembly-men at proxies.
n dunghills deep of sable hue,
r dirt-bred patriots spring to view,
wealth and power and pension's rise,
new wing'd maggots chang'd to
[flies;
fluttering round in proud parade,
t in the robe of gay cockade.

See *Ar——d quits, for ways more cei
[tair
His bankrupt perj'ries for his fortune;
Brews rum no longer in his store,
Jockey and skipper now no more;
Forsakes his warehouses and docks,
And writs of slander for the pox,
And, purg'd by patriotism from shame
Grows Gen'ral of the foremost name.
Hiatus.†

---

* "*Ar—d's perjuries at the time of hi pretended bankruptcy, which was the firs rise of misfortune; and his curious law suit against a brother skipper, who ha charged him with having caught the abov mentioned disease, by his connexion wit a certain African princess in the West Indies, with its humorous issue, are mat ters, not I believe so generally known, a the other circumstances of his public an private character.*"

† "*M'Fingal having here inserted th names and characters of several grea men, whom the public have not yet full detected, it is thought proper to omit sun dry paragraphs of his speech in the presen edition.*"

n this ferment of the stream,
dregs have work'd up to the brim,
by the rule of topsy-turveys,
skum stands swelling on the sur-
[face.
ve caus'd your pyramid t' ascend,
set it on the little end;
Hudibras, your empire's made,
se crupper had o'er-topp'd his head
ve push'd and turn'd the whole
[world up-
down and get yourselves a-top:
e all the great ones of your state.
crush'd beneath the pop'lar weight;
can you boast this present hour,
shadow of the form of pow'r.
what's your Congress,* or its end?

—

*The author here, in a true strain of otic censure, pointed out the principal ts in the first federal Constitution of Inited States; all which have been removed in the New Constitution, lished in the year 1789. So that the ecy below, You'll ne'er have sense gh to mend it, must be ranked g the other sage blunders of his se-sighted hero.

A pow'r t' advise and recommend ;
To call for troops adjust your quota
And yet no soul is bound to notice ;
To pawn your faith to th' utmost li
But cannot bind you to redeem it,
And, when in want, no more in t
[
Than begging of your state-assembl
Can utter oracles of dread,
Like friar Bacon's brazen head;
But should a faction e'er dispute 'em
Has ne'er an arm to execute 'em,
As though you chose supreme dictat
And put them under conservators;
You've but pursued the self same w
With Shakespeare's Trinclo in the p
" You shall be viceroys here, 'tis tr
But we'll be viceroys over you."
What wild confusion hence must en
Though common danger yet cem
[y
So some wreck'd vessel all in shatte
Is held up by surrounding waters,
But stranded, when the pressure cea
Falls by its rottenness to pieces :
And fall it must—if wars were ende
You'd ne'er have sense enough to m

reeping on with low intrigues,
vermin of an hundred legs,
find as short a life assign'd,
l things else of reptile kind.
Commonwealth's a common har-
lot,
property of ev'ry varlet,
h now in taste and full employ,
irts admire as all enjoy;
oon a batter'd strumpet grown,
ll curse and drum her out of town.
is the g... ament you chose;
his you bade the world be foes;
his so mark'd for dissolution,
scorn the British constitution;
: constitution, form'd by sages,
wonder of all modern ages:
h owns no failure in reality,
pt corruption and venality;
nly proves the adage just,
best things spoil'd, corrupt to
worst;
an, supreme in mortal station,
mighty lord of this creation,
n once his corse is dead as herring,
nes the most offensive carrion
sooner breeds the plague 'tis found,
all beasts rotting hove the ground

Yet for this gov'rnment, to dismay us,
You've call'd up anarchy from chaos,
With all the followers of her school,
Uproar, and Rage, and wild Misrule;
For whom this rout of Whigs distracte
And ravings dire of ev'ry crack'd head
These new-cast legislative engines
Of country musters and conventions,
Committees vile of correspondence,
And mobs whose tricks have almost u
[done'
While reason fails to check your cours
And loyalty's kick'd out of doors.
And folly, like inviting landlord,
Hoists on your poles her royal standar
While the kings friends, in doleful
[dump
Have worn their courage to the stump
And leaving George in sad disaster,
Most sinfully deny'd their master.
What furies rag'd when you in sea,
In shape of Indians, drown'd the tea;*
When your gay sparks fatigued t
[watch

* *The persons who destroyed the car of Tea, above referred to, were disgui in the habits of Indians.*

Assum'd the moggison and hatchet,
With wampum'd blankets hid their laces
And like their sweethearts, prim'd their [faces:
While not a Red-coat dar'd oppose,
And scarce a Tory show'd his nose;
While Hutchinson for sure retreat,
Manœuvred to his country-seat,
And thence affrighted in the suds,
Stole off bare headed thro' the woods!
Have you not rous'd your mobs to join,
And make mandamus-men resign,
Call'd forth each duffil-dress'd curmud- [geon,
With dirty trowsers and white bludgeon,
Forc'd all our councils through the land;
To yield their necks to your command;
While paleness marks their late disgra- [ces,
Through all their rueful length of faces?
Have you not caus'd as woful work,
In loyal city of New-York,*

* *There were so many influential Tories in New-York, that they at first obtained a vote in favor of the Acts of Parliament, and against the proceedings of the first Congress.*

When all the rabble well cockaded,
In triumph through the streets parad
And mobb'd the Tories, scar'd th
[spou
And ransack'd all the custom-houses
Made such a tumult, bluster, jarring,
That, mid the clash of tempests w
[ri
Smith's weathercock, with veers
[lor
Could harldly tell which way to turn
Burnt effigies of th' Higher Powers,
Contriv'd in planetary hours,
As witches, with clay images,
Destroy or torture whom they pleas
Till, fir'd with rage. th' ungrateful cl
Spar'd not your best friend, Belzebu
O'erlook'd his favors, and forgot
The rev'rence due t' his cloven foot,
And in the self-same furnace frying,
Burn'd him, and North, and Bute,
[Tryon

---

* *William Smith, formerly a lawyer New-York.*

† *Tyron, being now dead, is proba forgot. The reader must know that was governor of New-York, and a B*

Did you not in as vile and shallow way
Fright our poor Philadelphian, Gallo-
[way,*
Your Congress, when the daring ribald
Belied, berated and bescribbled?
What ropes and halters did you send,
Terrific emblems of his end,
Till, *lest he'd hang in more than effigy,*
Fled in a fog the trembling refugee?
Now rising in progression fatal,
Have you not ventur'd to give battle?
When treason chas'd our heroes trou-
[bled,
With rusty gun and leather doublet,
Turn'd all stone-walls, and groves, and
[bushes,

---

ish general during the war. He had the glory of burning the towns of Fairfield and Norwalk, and of issuing many proclamations. The other personages that make up this kettle *of* fish, *Bute, Belzebub, and North, are still living, and therefore want no explanation.*

* *Galloway began by being a flaming patriot. He is one of the few men, who proved a traitor to his country, wrote against it and ran away.*

To batt'ries arm'd with blunderbusses
And with deep wounds, the fate porter
Gall'd many a Reg'lar's latter end,
Drove them to Boston, as in jail,
Confin'd without main-prize or bail,
Were not these deeds enough betimes
To heap the measure of your crimes,
But in this loyal town and dwelling,
You raise these ensigns of rebellion?
'Tis done; fair Mercy shuts her door
And vengeance now shall sleep no mor
Rise then, my friends, in terror rise,
And wipe this scandal from the skies
You'll see their Dagon, though we [jointe
Will sink before the Lord's anointed,
And like old Jericho's proud wall,
Before our ram's horns prostrate fall.'
This said, our 'Squire, yet undismay
Call'd forth the Constable to aid,
And bade him read in nearer station,
The riot-act and proclamation;*

* Reading the Riot-act *has the* *miraculous effect in America as* *land: it may convert any collection of* *into a* riot, *and is the tremendous prolog* *to any tragedy that may result from* *exercise of Martial Law.*

Who now, advancing tow'rd the ring,
Began, "Our sovereign Lord the King"
When thousand clam'rous tongues he [hears,
And clubs and stones assail his ears;
To fly was vain, to fight was idle,
By *foes encompass'd* in the middle;
In *stratagem* his aid he found,
And fell right craftily to ground;
Then crept to seek an hiding place,
'Twas all he could, beneath a brace;
Where soon the conqu'ring crew espied [him,
And where he lurk'd they caught and [tied him,
At once with resolution fatal,
Both Whigs and Tories rush'd to battle;
Instead of weapons, either band
Seiz'd on such arms, as came to hand.
And as fam'd Ovid* paints th' adven- [tures
Of wrangling Lapithæ and Centaurs,
Who at their feast, by Bacchus led,
Threw bottles at each other's head,
And these arms failing in their scuffles,

* "*Ovid's Metamorphoses, Book* xii."

Attack'd with handirons, tong
[s
So clubs and billets, staves and s
Met fierce, encountring every sc
And cover'd o'er with nobs and
Each void receptacle for brains
Their clamours rend the hills ar
And earth rebellows with the so
And many a groan increas'd the
From broken nose and batter'd
M'Fingal, rising at the word,
Drew forth his old militia sword
Thrice cried, "King George,"
[in
Romancing heroes did their mis
And, brandishing the blade in a
Struck terror through th' oppos
The Whigs, unsafe within the w
Of such commotion, shrunk bel
With whirling steel around add
Fierce through their thickest th

(Who roll'd on either side in ar
Like Red-sea waves in Israel's
And like a meteor rushing thro
Struck on their pole a vengeful
Around, the Whigs, of clubs an
Discharg'd whole vollies in pla

t o'er in whistling terror fly:
not a foe dares venture nigh.
nd now, perhaps, with conquest
[crown'd,
r 'Squire had fell'd their poll to
[ground
And not some pow'r, a Whig at heart,
escended down and took their part;
Whether 'twere Pallas, Mars, or Iris,
'Tis scarce worth while to make inqui-
[ries,)
Who at the nick of time alarming,
Assum'd the graver form of Chairman:
Address'd a whig in ev'ry scene
The stoutest wrestler on the green,
And *pointed* where the spade was found,
Late us'd to fix the pole in ground,
And urg'd with equal arms and might
To dare our 'Squire to single fight.*
The Whig, thus arm'd, untaught to yield
Advanc'd tremendous to the field;
Nor did M'Fingal shun the foe,

* "*The learned reader will readily observe the allusions in this scene to the single combat of Paris and Menelaus, in Homer; Æneas and Turnus in Virgil, and Michael and Satan in Milton.*"

But stood to brave the desp'rate blo
While all the party gaz'd, suspende
To see the deadly combat ended.
And Jove in equal balance weigh'd
The sword against the brandish'd sp
He weigh'd; but lighter than a dr
The sword flew up, and kick'd the b
Our 'Squire on tiptoe rising fair,
Lifts high a noble stroke in air,
Which hung not, but like dreadful
[g
Descended on the foe in vengeance
But ah! in danger with dishonor,
The sword perfidious fails its owner
The sword, which oft had stood
[grc
By huge train-bands encompa
[rou
Or on the bench, with blade right lo
Had won the day at many a trial,
Of stones and clubs had brav'd
[alar
Shrunk from these new Vulcanian a
The spade so temper'd from the ale
Nor keen nor solid harm'd its edge.

---

* *A train band is a Captain's comp in the Militia.*

Now met it from his arm of might
Descending with steep force to smite;
The blade snapp'd short—and from his [hand
With rust embrown'd the glitt'ring sand.
Swift turn'd M'Fingal at the view,
And call'd for aid th' attendant crew,
In vain; the Tories all had run,
When scarce the fight was well begun;
Their setting wigs he saw decreas'd,
Far in th' horizon tow'rd the west,
Amaz'd he view'd the shameful sight,
And saw no refuge but in flight:
But age unwieldy check'd his pace,
Though fear had wing'd his flying race;
For not a trifling prize at stake;
No less than great M'Fingal's back.
With legs and arms he work'd his [course,
Like rider that outgoes his horse,
And labour'd hard to get away, as
Old Satan* struggling on through Chaos:
Till, looking back, he spied in rear
The spade arm'd chief advanc'd too [near.

* *In Milton.*

Then stepp'd and seiz'd a stone that
An ancient land-mark near the way
Nor shall we, as old Bards have don
Affirm it weigh'd an hundred ton;
But such a stone as at a shift,
A modern might suffice to lift.
Since men, to credit their enigmas,
Are dwindled down to dwarfs and p
[mi
And giants, exil'd with their cronies,
To Brobdingnags and Patagonies.
But while our hero turn'd him round
And stoop'd to raise it from the grou
The deadly spade discharg'd a blow
Tremendous on his rear below:
His bent knee fail'd, and, void of stren
Stretch'd on the ground his ma
[leng
Like ancient oak o'erturn'd he lay,
Or tow'rs to tempests fall'n a prey,
And more things else—but all men kn
[']
If slightly vers'd in epic poem.
At once the crew at this sad crisis,
Fall on and bind him ere he rises,
And with loud shouts and joyful sou
Conduct him pris'ner to the pole.
When now the mob in lucky hour

Had got their en'mies in their pow'r,
They first proceed by wise command,
To take the Constable in hand;
Then from the pole's sublimest top
They speeded to let down the rope,
At once its other end in haste bind,
And make it fast upon his waistband,
Till, *like the earth,* as stretch'd on ten-
[ter,
He hung self-balanc'd on his centre.
Then upwards, all hands hoisting sail,
They swung him, like a keg of ale,
Till to the pinnacle so fair,
He arose like meteor in the air.
As Socrates *of old at first did,
To aid *philosophy*, get hoisted,
And found his thoughts flow strangely
[clear,
Swung in a basket in mid air:
Our culprit thus in purer sky,
With like advantage rais'd his eye;
And looking forth in prospect wide,
His Tory errors clearly spy'd,
And from his elevated station,

---

* *Socrates is represented in Aristophanes's comedy of the clouds, as hoisted in a basket to aid contemplation.*

155574

With bawling voice began ad
" Good gentlemen, and friend
For heav'n's sake hear, if not
I here renounce the Pope, th
The King, the Devil, and all t
And will, set me but once at
Turn Whig or Christian,

And always mind your laws s
Should I live long as old Met
I'll never join with British ra
Nor help Lord North, or Gen
Nor lift my gun in future figh
Nor take away your charter'd
Nor overcome your new-rais'
Destroy your towns, nor burn

Nor cut your poles down v

Though rais'd more thick tha

But leave King George and al
To do their conqu'ring work t
This said, they low'r'd him

Spread at all points, like fallin
But took a vote first on the q
That they'd accept this full co

their fellowship and favour
e him, on his good behaviour.
so, our 'Squire submits to rule,
ood heroic as a mule.
'll find it all in vain," quoth he,
lay your rebel tricks on me.
nishments the world can render,
only to provoke th' offender;
lls confirm'd by treatment horrid,
es grow harder when they're cur-
[ried;
n e'er felt the halter draw,
good opinion of the law;
d, in method orthodox,
ve of justice in the stocks;
l'd to lose by sheriff's shears
e his loyalty and ears.
ou made Murry look less big,
ook'd old Williams to a Whig?
r mobb'd Ol'ver* quit his station,
d his vows of resignation?

his is the "*Chief-Judge Oliver*" *first Canto, in whose appointment racious M'Fingal perceives that had no hand. One ground of rrel between the British govern- nd people of Massachusetts was,*

Has Rivington,* in dread of s
Ceas'd lying since you stole h

---

*the act by which the Judges of t
were rendered independent of t
for their salary, as well as for
ces ; which was contrary to anc
When the people felt these part
of oppression from a power thre
miles distant, their only method
was, to prevent any person from
an office, or from exercising its
under such an act. This exp
been successful in the case of t
act a few years before: and
now applied to Judge Oliver,
him to resign an office, the ne
ment of which so manifestly st
foundation of their liberty. T
promised to resign his place;
wards claimed that "highest
of speech," which M'Fingal
vindicated in favour of Genera*

* *Here again is an old acqua
the first Canto. His paper, en
Royal Gazette, had, by a stra
nation of circumstances, obtaine
through all the country, of T*

nd can you think my faith will alter,
tarring, whipping, or the halter?
stand the worst; for recompence.
rust King George and Providence.
d when our conquest gain'd, I come,
ray'd in law and terror, home,
ou'll rue this inauspicious morn,
nd curse the day you e'er were born,
Job's high style of imprecations,
ith all his plagues, without his pa-
[tience."
Meanwhile beside, the pole, the guard
bench of justice had prepar'd,
here sitting round in awful sort,
he grand committe hold their court;
hile all the crew, in silent awe,
ait from their lips the lore of law.
ew moments, with deliberation,
hey hold the solemn consultation,
hen soon in judgment all agree,
nd clerk declares the dread decree:

---

azette. *It was on this account that the eople at a certain time sent a committee take away his* types. *But this measure s as ineffectual as those that were used th Murray, Williams, Oliver, &c.*

" That 'Squire M'Fingal having gr
The vilest Tory in the town,
And now on full examination,
Convicted by his own confession,
Finding no tokens of repentance,
This Court proceed to render sente
That first the Mob a slip-knot sing
Tie round the neck of said M'Fing
And in due form do tar him next,
And feather, as the law directs;
Then through the town attendant
[
In cart, with Constable beside him
And having held him up to shame,
Bring to the pole from whence
[ca
Forthwiith the crow'd proceed
[d
With halter'd noose M'Fingal's ne
While he, in peril of his soul,
Stood ty'd half hanging to the pole
Then lifting high the pond'rous jar
Pour'd o'er his head the smoking t
With less profusion erst was spread
The Jewish oil on royal head,
That down his beard and vestment
And cover'd all his outward man,

As when (so Claudian sings* the gods
And earth-born giants fell at odds,
The stout Enceladus in malice
Tore mountains up to throw at Pallas;
And as he held them o'er his head,
The river, from their fountains fed,
Pour'd down his back its copious tide,
And wore its channels in his hide;
So from the high-rais'd urn, the tor-
[rents
Spread down his side their various cur-
[rents;
His flowing wig, as next the brim,
First met and drank the sable stream;
Adown his visage, stern and grave,
Roll'd and adher'd the viscid wave;
With arms depending as he stood,
Each cuff capacious holds the flood:
From nose and chin's remotest end,
The tarry icicles depend;
Till all o'erspread with colours gay,
He glitter'd to the western ray,
Like sleet-bound trees in wintry skies,
Or Lapland idol carv'd in ice.
And now the feather-bag display'd,
Wav'd in triumph o'er his head,

* "*Claudian's Gigantomachia.*"

And spread him o'er with fe
[m
And down, upon the tar adhesive
Not Maia's son, with wings for ea
Such plumes around his visage we
Nor Milton's six-wing'd angel ga
Such superfluity of feathers;
Till all complete appears our 'Squ
Like Gorgon or Chimera dire;
Nor more could boast on * Plato'
To rank amid the race of man,
Or prove his claim to human natu
As a two-legg'd unfeather'd creat
Then on the two-wheel'd car of
They rais'd our grand Duumvirat
And as at Rome a like committee,
That found an owl within their cit
With solemn rites and sad proces
At ev'ry shrine perform'd lustratic
And lest infection should abound,
From prodigy with face so round,
All Rome attends him through the
In triumph to his country-seat;
With like devotion all the choir
Paraded round our feather'd 'Squi

* "*Alluding to Plato's famous*
tion of Man, "Animal bipes, implu

In front the martial music comes
Of horns and fiddles, fifes and drums,
With jingling sound of carriage bells,
And treble creak of rusted wheels;
Behind, the crowd, in lengthen'd row,
With grave procession, clos'd the show;
And *at fit periods ev'ry throat*
Combin'd *in universal shout*,
And hail'd great Liberty in chorus,
Or bawl'd confusion to the Tories.
Not louder storm the welkin braves,
From clamours of conflicting waves;
Less dire in Lybian wilds the noise,
When rav'ning lions lift their voice;
Or triumphs at town-meetings made,
On *passing* votes to reg'late trade.*
Thus having borne them round the [town,
Last at the pole they set them down,
And tow'rd the tavern take their way,
To end in mirth the festal day.

* *Such votes were frequently passed at Town meetings; the object of which was, to prevent the augmentation of prices on the necessaries of life, and thus to obviate the effects of the depreciation of the paper-money.*

And now the Mob, dispers'd an
Left 'Squire and Constable alon
The Constable in rueful case,
Lean'd sad and solemn o'er a bi
And fast beside him, cheek by j
Stuck 'Squire M'Fingal 'gainst t
Glued by the tar, t' his rear app
Like barnacle on vessel's side.
But though his body lack'd phys
His spirit was in worse condition
He found his fears of whips and
By many a drachm out-weigh

As men in gaol without main-pri
View ev'ry thing with other eyes
And all goes wrong in Church an
Seen through perspective of the
So now M'Fingal's second-sight
Beheld all things in diff'rent lig
His visual nerve, well purg'd wi
Saw all the coming scenes of wa
As his prophetic soul grew stron
He found he could hold in no lo
First from the pole, as fierce he
His wig from pitchy durance br
His mouth unglu'd, his feathers
His tarr'd skirts crack'd, and

[

h, Mr. Constable, in vain
strive 'gainst wind, and tide, and
[rain!
ıold my doom! this feather'd omen
·tends what dismal times are coming.
w future scenes before my eyes,
l second-sighted forms arise;
ear a voice that calls away,
l cries, The Wigs will win the day;
beck'ning Genius gives command,
l bids us fly the fatal land;
ıere, changing name and constitution,
ɔellion turns to Revolution,
ıile Loyalty, oppress'd in tears,
ınds trembling for his neck and ears.
, summon all your brethren, greeting,
muster at our usual meeting.
ere my prophetic voice shall warn
['em,
all things future that concern 'em,
d scenes disclose, on which, my friend,
eir conduct and their lives depend:
ere I—but first 'tis more of use,
ɔm this vile pole to set me loose;—
ɔn go with cautious steps and steady,
ıile I steer home and make all ready."

END OF THE THIRD CANTO.

M‘ FINGAL.

CANTO FOURTH.

THE VISION.

NOW night came down, and ros
[
That patroness of rogues, the Moo
Beneath whose kind, protecting ra
Wolves, brute and human, prow
[
The honest world all snored in ch
While owls, and ghosts, and thieve
[T
Whom erest the mid-day sun had
Crept from their lurking hôles abr
On cautious hinges, slow and stille
Wide ope'd the great M‘Fingal's *c

---

* “ *Panditur interia domus omnip*
[*tis Ol*
Conciliumq ; vocat Divum pater
hominum rex, Sideream in sedem.”
[Lib. 10. Æn

Where, shut from prying eyes in cluster,
The Tory Pandemonium muster,
Their chiefs all sitting round descry'd
[are,
On kegs of ale, and seats of cider;
When first M'Fingal, dimly seen,
Rose *solemn from the turnip-bin,*
Nor yet his * *form had wholly lost*
The orig'nal brightness it could boast,
Nor less appear'd than Justice Quorum,
In feather'd majesty before 'em.
Adown his tar-streak'd visage clear
Fell glistening fast th' indignant tear,
And thus his voise, in mournful wise,
Pursu'd the prologue of his sighs:
Brethren and friends, the glorious
Of royalty in rebel land! [band
It was not thus you've seen me sitting
Return'd in triumph from town-meeting,
When blust'ring Whigs were put to stand,
And votes obey'd my guiding hand,
And new commissions pleas'd my eyes;
Blest days, but, ah, no more to rise!
Alas! against my better light

* "——*His form had not yet lost*
All its original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than Archangel ruin'd."—Milton.

And optics sure of second-sight,
My stubborn soul, in error strong,
Had faith in Hutchinson too long.
See what brave trophies still we bring
From all our battles for the king;
And yet these plagues now past before us,
Are but our entering-wedge of sorrows!
I see, in glooms tempestuous, stand
The cloud impending o'er the land;
That cloud, which still beyond their
[hopes
Serves all our orators with tropes. [fed,
Which, though from our own vapours
Shall point its thunders on our head!
I see the Mob, beflipp'd in taverns,
Hunt us, like wolves, through wilds and
[caverns.
What dungeons rise t' alarm our fears,
What horse-whips whistle round our
Tar, yet in embryo in the pine [ears!
Shall run on Tories' backs to shine;
Trees rooted fair in groves of sallows
Are growing for our future gallows;
And geese unhatch'd, when pluck'd in
[fray,
Shall rue the feath'ring of that day.
For me, before these fatal days,
I mean to fly th' accursed place,

And follow omens, which of late
Have warn'd me of impending fate;
Yet pass'd unnotic'd o'er my view,
Till sad conviction prov'd them true;
As prophecies, of best intent,
Are only heeded in th' event,
"For late in visions of the night
The gallows stood before my sight;
I saw its ladder heav'd on end;
I saw the deadly rope descend;
And in its noose, that wav'ring swang,
Friend *Malcolm hung, or seem'd to
[hang.

---

* "*Malcolm was a Scotchman, Aid to Governor Tryon in his expedition against the Regulators in North Carolina, where, in the engagement, he met with the accident of the breeches here alluded to. He was afterwards an under-officer of the customs in Boston, where, becoming obnoxious, he was tarred, feathered, and half-hanged by the mob, about the year* 1774. *After this, he was neglected and avoided by his own party, and thinking his merits and sufferings unrewarded, appeared equally malevolent against Whigs and Tories.*"

How chang'd from him, who, bold as
[lion.
Stood Aid-de-Camp to Gov'rnor Tryon
Made rebels vanish once, like witches,
And sav'd his life, but dropp'd his breeches!
I scarce had made a fearful bow,
And trembling ask'd him, "How d'ye
[do?"
When, lifting up his eyes so wide,
(His eyes alone—his hands were ty'd;)
With feeble voice, as spirits use,
Now almost choak'd with gripe of
[noose;
*"Ah! fly, my friend," he cry'd, "es-
[cape,
And keep yourself from this sad scrape;
Enough you've talk'd, and writ, and
[plann'd;
The Whigs have got the upper hand.
Dame Fortune's wheel has turn'd so
[short,

"*The pretences of the Highlanders to prophecy by second-sight are too well known to need an explanation.*"

**There is in this scene a general allusion to the appearance and speech of Hector's ghost, in the second book of the Æneid.*

ng'd us fairly in the dirt;
l mortal arm our fears have ended,
arm (and shook it) had defended.
onger now 'tis vain to stay;
ev'n the Reg'lars run away:
: not till things grow desperater,
hanging is no laughing matter:
might your grandsires' fortunes
[tell you on,
both were hang'd the last rebel-
[lion;
nture, then, no longer stay,
all your friends, and run away.
lo, through deepest glooms of night,
ne to aid thy second sight,
lose the plagues that round us
[wait,
wake the dark decrees of fate.
nd this ladder, whence unfurl'd,
curtain opes of th' other world;
here new worlds their scenes unfold,
from this back-door of the old.*

That the gallows is the back-door *ng from this to the other world, is a ctly new idea in Epic Poetry; unhe hint might have been taken from ear-trumpet of Fame in Hudibras.*

As when Æneas risq'd his li
Like Orpheus vent'ring for h
And bore in show his mortal
Through realms of Erebus
Then in the happy fields El
Saw all his embryo sons in
As shown by great archange
Old Adam saw the world's w
And from the mount's exten
The rising fortunes of his r
So from this stage shalt tho
The war its coming scenes
Rais'd by my arm to meet th
My Adam, thou; thine ange
But first my pow'r, for visio
Must cleanse from clouds

Remove the dim suffusions
Which bribes and sal'ries

And, from the well of Bute,
Three genuine drops of Hig
To pruge, like euphrasy and
Thine eyes, for much thou h
"Now, freed from Tory dar
Thy head, and spy the comi

*See Milton's Paradise Lo

), before our second-sight;
Continent ascends in light;
north to south what gath'ring [swarms
ase the pride of rebel arms!
ugh ev'ry State our legions brave
d gallant marches to the grave,
attling Whigs the frequent prize,
e rebel trophies stain the skies.
ld, o'er nothern realms afar,*

Nothing less than the whole History of m. War would be sufficient, complete- illustrate the merits of this single pa- aph. Malcolm, the gallows-taught pro- in preparing the mind of M'Fingal ntemplate, with proper intelligence, rious scenes that are to rise succes- to view in the course of the Vision, es over the Continent, and mentions is passage the principal scenes of ac- from the expedition into Canada in , to the capture of Lord Cornwallis 781. The concluding part of his h is therefore a kind of argument *to whole book of Vision; in which the objects are unfolded at large, with attendant circumstances; in order they make a proper impression on the*

Extends the kindling flames of war!
See fam'd St. John's and Montreal,
Doom'd by Montgom'ry's arm to fall!
Where Hudson with majestic sway,
Through hills departed ploughs his way,
Fate spreads on Bemus' Heights alarms,
And pours distruction on our arms;
There Bennington's ensanguin'd plain,
And Stony-Point, the prize of Waine.
Behold near Del'ware's icy roar,
Where morning dawns on Trenton shore,
While Hessians spread their Christmas feast,
Rush rude these uninvited guests;

---

elevated mind of the great M'Fingal. It is thus that our Poet, like Homer, in his Iliad, seizes all occasions to do honor to his principal hero. By supposing him already possessed of all natural and political knowledge that could be obtained by mortal study and experiance, he makes him, like Achilles, capable of receiving instruction only by the agency of a super-terrestial power. The advisers of Achilles descended from the skies, that of M'Fingal is mounted towards the skies.

t avail, to Whigs a prize,
rshal whiskers' grisly size.
eton plains our heroes yield,
ad in flight the vanquish'd field,
ar to Mawhood's heels put on
vide as worn by Maia's son,
he Pennsylvanian shore,
with streams of British gore;
any a vet'ran chief in bed
rests his slumb'ring head,
ft vales, in land of foes,
aried virtue finds repose,
l'ring Dunmore's negro band
long from Virginia's strand;
n southern hills, our cousins,
ch M'Donalds, fall by dozens;
King's Mountain lift its head,
d bands in triumph led!
er Tarleton's blust'ring train,
ls stretch the captive chain!
r Eutaw's fatal springs
ig Vict'ry spreads her wings!
all the land in various chase,
the rainbow of success;
their Chief, superior still,
ir force with Fabian skill;
lescending by surprise,
ssia's eagle, sweeps the prize."

I look'd; nor yet opprest with fears
Gave credit to my eyes or ears,
But held the views an empty dream,
On Berkley's immaterial scheme;
And pond'ring sad, with troubled breast
At length my rising doubts express'd.
"Ah, whither, thus by rebels smitte
Is fled th' omnipotence of Britain,
Or fail'd his usual guard to keep,
Gone truanting or fall'n asleep;*
As Baal his prophets left confounded,
And bawling vot'ries gash'd and wound-
[ed!
Did not, retir'd to bow'rs Elysian,
Great Mars leave with her his comm-
[sic
And Neptune erst, in treaty free,

---

*"*Cry aloud: for he is a god; eit*
he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is
a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth.
And they cried aloud, and cut themsel
after their manner with knives and lancets.
1. Kings, chap. xviii. *The other origi*
subjects alluded to in the subsequent p
of this speech, may be found by the curi
reader in the various and immortal wo
mentioned by the poet in the text.

p dominion o'er the sea ?
here's the faith of fam'd orations,
s, debate, and proclamations,
rtly sermons, laureat ode,
llads on the wat'ry god ;
whose high strains great George
[enriches
quence of gracious speeches ?
thful to our Highland eyes,
deadly forms of vision rise ;
re some Whig-inspiring sprite
alms delusion on our sight.
rcely trust a tale so vain,
revelation prompt the strain,
sian's ghost the scenes rehearse,
the melody of *Erse."
o long, quoth Malcolm, with con-
[fusion,
dwelt already in delusion,
ptics, of all fools the chief,
ith in creeds of unbelief.
to draw thy veil aside
r, prejudice, and pride.
ove deception, but the wise
sad truth to pleasing lies.

*rse, the ancient Scottish language,
h Ossian wrote his poems."

For know, those hopes can ne'er succeed
That trust on Britain's breaking reed.
For weak'ning long from bad to worse,
By fatal atrophy of purse,
She feels at length with trembling heart,
Her foes have found her mortal part,
As fam'd Achilles, dipt by Thetis
In Styx, as sung in ancient ditties,
Grew all case-harden'd o'er like steel,
Invulnerable, save his heel,
And laugh'd at swords and spears, as squibs,
And all diseases, but the kibes;
Yet met at last his fatal wound,
By Paris' arrow nail'd to th' ground:
So Britain's boasted strength deserts,
In these her empire's utmost skirts,
Remov'd beyond her fierce impressions,
And atmosphere of omnipresence;
Nor to these shores' remoter ends,
Her dwarf omnipotence extends:
Whence in this turn of things so strange,
'Tis time our principles to change.
For vain that boasted faith, which gathers
No perquisite, but tar and feathers,
No pay, but Whigs' insulting malice,
And no promotion but the gallows,
I've long enough stood firm and steady,

alf-hang'd for loyalty already:
nd could I save my neck and pelf,
d turn a flaming Whig myself,
nd quit this cause, and course, and
[calling,
ike rats that fly from house that's
[falling.
ut since, obnoxious here to Fate,
his saving wisdom comes too late,
ur noblest hopes already crost,
ur sal'ries gone, our titles lost,
oom'd to worse suff'rings from the Mob,
han Satan's surg'ries used on Job;
What more remains but now with sleight,
What's left of us to save by flight?
"Now raise thine eyes; for visions true
gain ascending wait thy view."
look'd: and, clad in early light,
he spires of Boston rose to sight;
he morn o'er eastern hills afar,
lumin'd the varying scenes of war.
reat Howe had long since in the lap
f Loring taken out his nap,
nd with the sun's ascending ray,
he cuckold came to take his pay.
hen all th' encircling hills around,
ith instantaneous breast-works
[crown'd,

With pointed thunders met his sight,
By magic rear'd the former night,
Each summit far, as eye commands,
Snone peopled with rebellious bands.
Aloft their tow'ring heroes rise,
As Titans erst assail'd the skies,
Leagu'd with superior force to prove
The sceptred hand of British Jove,
Mounds, pil'd on hills, ascended fair,
With batt'ries, plac'd in middle air,
That rais'd like angry clouds on high,
Seem'd like th' artill'ry of the sky,
And hurl'd their fiery bolts amain,
In thunder on the trembling plain.
I saw along the prostrate strand,
Our baffl'd Gen'rals quit the land,
And, swift as frighted mermaids, flee
T' our boasted element, the sea,
Resign that long contested shore,
Again the prize of rebel-power,
And tow'rd their town of refuge fly,
Like convict Jews, condemn'd to die.
When tow'rd the north I turn'd my eyes,
Where Saratoga's heights arise,
And saw our chosen vet'ran band,
Descend in terror o'er the land;
T' oppose their fury of alarms,
Saw all New-England wake to arms.

d ev'ry Yankee, full of mettle,
arm forth, like bees at sound of kettle.
: Rome, when Tarquin rap'd Lu-
[cretia,
r wilder must'ring of militia.
rough all the woods and plains of
[fight,
at mortal battles fill'd my sight,
ile British corses strew'd the shore,
l Hudson ting'd his streams with
gore!
at tongue can tell the dismal day,
paint the party-colour'd fray;
ien yeomen left their fields afar,
plough the crimson plains of war;
ien zeal to swords transform'd their
[shares,
l turn'd their pruning hooks to spears,
ng'd tailor's geese to guns and ball,
l stretch'd to pike the cobler's awl;
ile hunters fierce, like mighty Nim-
[rod,
le on our troops a daring inroad;
l lev'lling squint on barrel round,
ught our beau-officers to ground;
ile rifle-frocks sent Gen'rals cap'ring;
l Red-Coats, shrunk from leathern
[apron,

And epaulet and gorget run
From whinyard brown and rusty
Whiles un-burnt whigs, in high co
Rush furious on our frighted band,
And ancient beards and hoary hair,
Like meteors stream in troubled a
With locks unshorn not Sampso
Made useless all the show of war,
Nor fought with ass's jaw for rarity,
With more success or singularity.
I saw our vet'ran thousands yield,
And pile their musquets on the fie
And peasants guards, in rueful pli
March off our captur'd bands from
While every rebel-fife in play,
To Yankee-doodle tun'd its lay,
And, like the music of the spheres,
Mellifluous sooth' their vanquish'd
"Alas!" said I, what baleful st
Sheds fatal influence on the war,
And who that chosen chief of fame,
That heads this grand parade of sha
"There see how fate," great Mak
[c
"Strikes with its bolts the tow'rs of p
Behold that martial macaroni,
Compound of Phœbus and Bellona
With warlike sword and singsong l

op'd alike for feast or fray,
e equal wit and valour join;
this is he, the fam'd Burgoyne;
pawn'd his honor and commission,
ax the patriots to submission,
ngs and balls secure obedience,
dance the ladies to allegiance,
is camp muses he'll parade
ston in the grand blockade;
well invok'd with punch of arrack,
converse sweet in tent or barrack,
r'd in more heroic fashion,
by his theme and situation;
e Farce and Proclamation grand,
fair beneath his plastic hand.
genius swells more strong and clear,
n close confin'd like bottled beer:
rior's wit gain'd greater pow'r
spiration of the tow'r;
Raleigh, fast in prison hurld,
e all the Hist'ry of the World:
Vilkes grew, while in jail he lay,
patriotic ev'ry day;
ound his zeal, when not confin'd,
sink below the freezing point,
ublic spirit, once so fair,
orate in open air.
hou, great favorite of Venus,

By no such luck shall cramp thy gen-
[ius;
Thy friendly stars, till wars shall cease,
Shall ward 'th ill fortune of release,
And hold thee fast, in bonds not feeble,
In good condition still to scribble.
Such merit fate shall shield from firing,
Bomb, carcass, langridge, and cold *iron*;
Nor trusts thy doubly-laurel'd head,
To rude assaults of flying lead.
Hence, in this Saratogue retreat,
For pure good fortune thou'lt be beat;
Not taken oft, releas'd or rescued,
Pass for small change, like simple Pres-
[cott;*
But captur'd there, as fates befall,
Shall stand thy hand for't once for all.
Then raise thy daring thoughts sublime,
And dip thy conqu'ring pen in rhyme,
And changing war for puns and jokes,
Write new Blockades, and Maids of
Oaks."†

**General Prescott was taken and exchanged several times during the war.*

†"*The Maid of the Oaks, and the Blockade of Boston, are farces—the first acknowledged by General Burgoyne; the other generally ascribed to him.*"

.s said, he turn'd and saw the tale
y'd my trembling cheeks with pale;
, pitying, in a milder vein,
'd the visionary strain.
oo much, perhaps, hath pain'd [your views
:t'ries gain'd by rebel crews;
;ee the deeds, not small nor scanty,
itish valor and human'ty;
earn from this auspicious sight,
England's sons and friends can [fight,
hat dread scenes their courage grows,
iow they conquer all their foes."
ok'd and saw, in wintry skies,
pacious prison-walls arise,
e Britons all their captive taming,
:hem with scourging, cold, and fam-
:'d to life's concluding stages, [ine;
xious food and plagues contagious,
the mighty *Loring stood,

---

*ring was a Refugee from Boston, commissary of prisoners by General The consummate cruelties practon the American prisoners under g's administration almost exceeded

And thriv'd like Vampyre,* o
[
And counting all his gains arisin
Delt daily rations out of poison.
Amid the dead that crowd the sc
The moving skeletons were seen
At hand our troops, in vaunting

---

the ordinary powers of human in
If a simple statement of facts rel
this business were properly drawn
authenticated, it would furnish the
of humanity with new images of h
contemplating the ravages of war
cially a war that obtains the name o
lion, and is carried on at a distan
the eye of the nation. The conduc
Turks in putting all prisoners to
certainly much more rational and h
than that of the British army for t
first years of the American war,
after the capture of Burgoyne.
cept from this general observati
conduct of Lord Dorchester in C
he acted on the common principles
as now practised in Europe.

"The notion of Vampyres is
stition that has greatly prevailed i

Insulted all their wants and pains,
And turn'd on all the dying tribe,
The bitter taunt and scornful gibe:
And British officers of might,
Triumphant at the joyful sight,
O'er foes disarm'd, with courage daring,
Exhausted all their troops of swearing.
Around all stain'd with rebel blood,
Like Milton's lazar-house it stood,
Where grim Despair attended nurse,
And Death was Gov'rnor of the house.
Amaz'd, I cried, 'Is this the way
That British Valor wins the day?"
More had I said, in strains unwelcome,
Till interrupted thus by Malcolm:
"Blame not," quoth he, "but learn the [reason
Of this new mode of conqu'ring treason,
'Tis but a wise, politic plan,
To root out all the rebel clan;
(For surely treason ne'er can thrive,
Where not a soul is left alive:)
A scheme, all other chiefs to surpass,
And do th' effectual work to purpose;

---

parts of Europe. They pretend it is a dead body, which rises out of its grave in the night, and sucks the blood of the living."

For war itself is nothing further,
But th' art and mystery of murther,
And who most methods has essay'd,
Is the best Gen'ral of the trade,
And stands Death's Plenipotentiary,
To conquer, poison, starve and bury.
This Howe well knew, and thus began,
(Despising Carleton's coaxing plan,
Who kept his pris'ners well and merry,
And dealt them food like Commissary,
And by paroles and ransoms vain,
Dismiss'd them all to fight again:)
Whence his first captives, with great spirit,
He tied up for his troops to fire at,*
And hop'd they'd learn, on foes thus taken,
To aim at rebels without shaking.
Then wise in stratagem, he plann'd
The sure destruction of the land,
Turn'd famine, sickness, and despair,
To useful enginery of war,
Instead of cannon, musket, mortar,

*"*This was done openly, and without censure, by the troops under Howe's command, in many instances, on his first conquest of Long-Island.*"

ıce and death, and torture,
ıe small pox, and the grea-
[ter,
land of every traitor,
out with like endeavor,
:s of the prison fever;
)lation o'er their head,
; in Providence's stead,
'ith equal skill and beauty,
g angel's tour of duty,
the elements to join,
assist the great design;
eague with Kishon's brook,
l's foes they fought and took.
to raise a glorious name,
; of his country's fame,
:se prison-walls arise;
tow'ring to the skies,
.sh clemency renown'd,
:r seat on sacred ground;
, as each herald saith,
ood kin to Punic faith;)
er godlike pow'rs unveiling,
grateful shrine to dwell in.
; altar for her honor,
[igh-Priest to wait upon her,
ust rites, in ancient guises,
:se human sacrifices;

Great Loring, fam'd above all lay
A proper Priest for Lybian Ammon,
Who, while Howe's gift his brows ad
Had match'd that deity in horns.
Here ev'ry day her vot'ries tell,
She more devours than th' idol Bel
And thirsts more rav'nously for
Than any worshipp'd Power before
That ancient Heathen Godhead, Mol
Oft stay'd his stomach with a bull
Or if his morning rage you'd check
One child suffic'd him for a breakf
But British clemency, with zeal,
Devours her hundreds at a meal;
Right well by Nat'ralists defin'd,
A being of carniv'rous kind:
So erst* Gargantau pleas'd his pala
And ate his pilgrims up for sallad.
Not blest with maw less ceremonious
The wide-mouth whale that swall
[J
Like earthquake gapes, to death de
That open sepulchre, her throat;
The grave, or barren womb you'd s
And sooner bring to cry, enough;

"*See *Rabelais's History of the G Gargantau.*"

And, hov'ring round his restless bed,
Spread nightly visions o'er his head.
"Now turn," he cried, "to nobl
[sight
And mark the prowess of our fights:
Behold, like whelps of British lion,
The warriors, Clinton, Vaughan, an
[Tryon
March forth with patriotic joy,
To ravish, plunder, burn, destroy.
Great gen'rals, foremost in the nation
The journeymen of Desolation!
Like Samson's foxes, each assails,
Let loose with firebrands in their tail
And spreads destruction more forlorn
Than they did in Philistine corn.
And see! in flames their triumphs ri
Illuming all the nether skies,
And streaming, like a new Aurora,
The western hemisphere with glory!
What towns, in ashes laid, confess
These heroes' prowess and success!
What blacken'd walls, or burning fa
For trophies spread the ruin'd plain
What females, caught in evil hour,
By force submit to British pow'r,
Or plunder'd negroes, in disaster,
Confess King George their Lord
[Mas

crimson corses strew their way,
noking carnage dims the day!
the shore, for sure reduction,
wield their besom of destruction.
Homer likens, in his Illias,
g-star bright the fierce Achilles;
e'er beheld, in red procession,
dog-stars rise in constellation;
r in glooms of ev'ning misty,
igns of fiery triplic'ty,
ı, far beyond the comet's tail,
ıd destruction where they sail.
ıad Great-Britain's godlike shore
c'd but ten such heroes more,
d spar'd the pains, and held the
[station
s world's final conflagration,
ı, when its time comes, at a stand,
! find its work all done to 'ts
[hand!
ıt though gay hopes our eyes may
[bless,
ant fate forbids success;
ıorning dreams, our conquest flies,
s'd before the dawn arise."
e Malcolm paus'd; when, pond'-
[ring long,
hus gave utt'rance to my tongue:

"Where shrink in fear our fri
[disma
And all the Tories' promis'd aid?
Can none, amid these fierce alarms,
Assist the pow'r of royal arms?"
"In vain," he cried, "our King
[pe
On promis'd aid of Tory-friends,
When our own efforts want success,
Friends ever fail, as fears increase.
As leaves in blooming verdure wove
In warmth of summer clothe the gr
But when autumnal frosts arise,
Leave bare their trunks to wintry sk
So while your pow'r can aid their e
You ne'er can need ten thousand frie
But, once in want, by foes dismay'
May advertise them stol'n or stray'
Thus, ere Great Britain's strengt
[grew sl
She gain'd that aid she did not lack
But now in dread, imploring pity,
All hear, unmov'd her dol'rous ditty
Allegiance wand'ring turns astray,
And faith grows dim for lack of pa
In vain she tries by new inventions,
Fear, falsehood, flatt'ry, threats a
[pensi

Or sends Commiss'ners with credentials*
Of promises and penitentials.
As, for his fare o'er Styx of old,
The Trojan stole the bough of gold;
And, lest grim Cerb'rus should make
[head,

* *The passage that here follows is to be explained thus: In the year* 1778, *after the war had been raging three years, and the capture of Burgoyne's army was known in England, the British government concluded to give up all the objects for which the contest had been begun. It accordingly passed an act repealing all the acts of which the Americans complained, provided we would rescind our declaration of independence, and continue to be their Colonies. The Ministry then sent over three commissioners, Mr. Johnstone, Mr. Eden, and Lord Carlisle. These commissioners began their operations, and (finished them by attempting to bribe individuals among the members of the States, and of the army. This bait appears to have caught nobody but Arnold. The* petticoated politician, *here mentioned, is a woman of Philadelphia, (and a lady of considerable*

Stuff'd both his fobs with * gingerbre
Behold, at Britain's utmost shifts,
Comes Johnstone, loaded with like gi
To venture through the Whiggish tri
To cuddle, wheedle, coax, and bribe
Enter their lands, and on his journey
Possession take, as King's attorney;
Buy all the vassals to protect him,
And bribe the tenants not t' eject him
And call, to aid his desp'rate mission
His petticoated politician;
While Venus, join'd t' assist the fare
Strolls forth ambassador for Mars.
In vain he strives, (for while he linge
These mastiffs bite his off'ring finge
Nor buys for George and realms in
[a
One spaniel, but the mongrel Arnold.
'Twere vain to paint in vision'd show,
The mighty nothings done by Howe;
What towns he takes in mortal fray,
As stations, whence to run away;

---

*distinction) through whose agency t
offered a bribe to Joseph Read, Gover
of Pennsylvania.*

* ———*Medicatam frugibus offi*
Æneid, lib. vi. 410.

onquests gain'd in battles warm,
ıo aid, to them no harm;
l th' event alike is fatal,
er success attend the battle,
ain victory, or lose it,
e'er had skill enough to use it;
tter 'twere, at their expense,
drubb'd him into common sense,
k'd, by bastings on his rear,
ivity, though but of fear.
r advance his arms prevail,
ablematic march of snail;
e Millennium nigh or far,
d long before him end the war.
York to Philadelphian ground,
eps the mighty flourish round,
d circ'lar by eccentric stars,
cing boys at prison-bars;*
ke the adverse crew in whole,
ning round the opp'site goal;

ion-bars *is a kind of juvenile con-*
ficiently described here. How far
hor is justifiable in comparing to it
ation of General Howe in Amer-
eft to be determined by those mili-
en who know the history of his
ires.

Works wide the traver
Like ship in storms' op
Like mill-horse, circlin
Advances not a single
And leaves no trophies
Save that of canker-wo
Thus having long both
He quits them, as he fo
Steers home disgrac'd
To join Burgoyne, and
"Now raise thine ey

The triumphs of his fa
I look'd, and now by
Faint rose to view the
But dimly seen, in glo
For Night had pour'd
And ev'ry star, with gl
Was muffled deep in e
Scarce visible in dusky
Advancing Red-Coats*
The lengthen'd train, i
Stole silent from their
Slow mov'd the baggag
Like snails, crept noisel
No trembling soldier d

*Red-Coats, *a term*

t not a wheel presum'd to creak.
looks my new surprise confess'd,
by great Malcolm thus address'd
end not thy wits in vain researches;
one of Clinton's moonlight marches.
n Philadelphia now retreating,
save his anxious troops a beating,
h hasty strides he flies in vain,
rear attack'd on Monmouth plain:
h various chance the mortal fray
engthen'd to the close of day,
en his tir'd bands, o'ermatch'd in fight,
rescu'd by descending night,
forms his camp with vain parade,
evening spreads the world with shade,
n still, like some endanger'd spark,
ils off on tiptoe in the dark;
writes his king, in bosting tone,
w grand he march'd by light of moon.*

The circumstance of Gen. Clinton's official despatches giving an account of his ching from Monmouth by moon light, ished a subject of some pleasantry in erica; where it was known that the n had set two hours before the march an.

Collect one glimm'ring to expire.
And lo! where southern shores extend,
Behold our union'd hosts descend,
Where Charleston views, with varying
[beams,
Her turrents glid th' encircling streams.
There, by superior might compell'd,
Behold their gallant Lincoln yield,*
Nor ought the wreaths avail him now,
Pluck'd from Burgoyne's imperious
[brow.
See, furious from the vanquish'd stand,
Cornwallis leads his mighty band!
The southern realms and Georgian shore
Submit, and own the victor's pow'r.
Lo, sunk before his wasting way,
The Carolinas fall his prey!
In vain embattled hosts of foes
Essay in warring strife t' oppose.

---

*General Lincoln was second in command in the army of General Gates, during the campaign of 1777, which ended in the capture of General Burgoyne. He is an officer of great reputation. He afterwards commanded the army in South Carolina, and was taken prisoner with the garrison of Charleston in 1780.

ihrinking from his conqu'ring eye,
ebel legions fall or fly;
with'ring in these torrid skies,
iorthern laurel fades and dies.*
rapid force he leads his band
ir Virginia's fated strand,
nphant eyes the travell'd zone,
oasts the southern realms his own.
et this hero's glories bright
: only in the fields of fight;
Howe's human'ty more deserving,
ts of hanging, and of starving;
Arnold plunders more tobacco,
eals more negroes for Jamaica;†

---

*his refers to the fortune of General
s, who, after having conquered Gen.
eyne in the North, was defeated by
Cornwallis in the South.

rnold, in the year 1781, having been
rted to the cause of Great Britain,
anded a detachment of their army in
nia; where he plundered many car-
of negroes and of tobacco, and sent
to Jamaica for his own account.—
far the Lords Rodney and Corn-
might have excelled him in this kind
roic achievements, time will perhaps
discover.

Scarce Rodney's self, among th' E
[
Insults so well the laws af nations
Ev'n Tryon's fame grows dim,
[mou
He yields the laurel crown of burn
I see with rapture and surprise,
New triumphs sparkling in thine e
But view, where now renew'd in a
Again the rebels dare the fight."
I look'd, and far in southern sk
Saw Greene, their second hope, a
And with his small but gallant ba
Invade the Carolinian land.
As winds, in stormy circles whirl'
Rush billowing o'er the darken'd
And, where their wasting fury ro
Successive sweep th' astonish'd g
Thus where he pours the rapid fi
Our boasted conquests sink in ni
And wide o'er all th' extended fie
Our forts resign, our armies yield
Till, now regain'd the vanquish'd
He lifts his standard on the stran
Again to fair Virginia's coast,
I turn'd and view'd the British hc
Where Chesapeak's wide waters
Her shores, and join th' Atlantic

e fam'd Cornwallis tow'ring rose,
scorn'd secure his distant foes;
ands the haughty rampart raise,
oid the royal standard blaze.
n lo, where ocean's bounds extend,
r the Gallic sails ascend,
fav'ring breezes stem their way,
crowd with ships the spacious bay.
Washington, from nothern shores,
many a region, wheels his force,
Rochambeau, with legions bright,
ends in terrors to the fight.
swifter cleaves his rapid way,
eagle cow'ring o'er his prey,
nights in fam'd romance that fly
airy pinions through the sky.
z'd, the Briton's startled pride
ruin wake on ev'ry side;
all his troops to fate consign'd,
stantaneous stroke Burgoyn'd.
Cadmus view'd with more surprise,
earth embattled armies rise,
n, by superior pow'r impell'd,
ow'd with dragon's teeth the field.
Gallic troops in terror stand,
e rush in arms the Rebel band;
hope remains from mortal fight,
nat last British refuge flight.

I saw, with looks downcast and gra
The Chief emerging from his cave,*
(Where, chac'd like hare in mig
[ro
His hunters earth'd him first in grou
And, doom'd by Fate to rebel sway,
Yield all his captur'd hosts a pray.
There, while I view'd the ra
[tou
Thus with a sigh my friend went on
"Behold'st thou not that band forlor
Like slaves in Roman triumphs bou
Their faces length'ning with their fo
And cheeks distain'd with streams
[te
Like *dramatis personæ* sage,
Equipt to act on Tyburn's stage?
Lo, these are they, who lur'd by folli
Left all and follow'd great *Cornwall*
True to their King, with firm devotio
For conscience sake, and hop'd pro
[ti
Expectant of the promis'd glories,
And new Millennial state of Tories.

* "*Alluding to the well-known fact Cornwallis's taken up his residence i cave, during the seige of Yorktown.*"

ss! in vain, all doubts forgetting,
ey tried th' omnipotence of Britain;
found her arm, once strong and
[brave,
shorten'd now she cannot save.
t more aghast departed souls,
ho risk'd their fate on Popish bulls,
d find St. Peter at the wicket
fuse to countersign their ticket,
hen driv'n to purgatory back,
ith all their pardons in their pack:
en Tories must ring at their stations
faith of royal proclamations.
pagan Chiefs at ev'ry crisis,
nfirm'd their leagues by sacrifices,
d herds of beasts to all their deities,
lations fell at close of treaties:
rnwallis thus, in ancient fashion,
ncludes his league of cap'tulation,
d victims, due to Rebel-glories,
es this sin-off'ring up of Tories.
where, reliev'd from sad embargo,
er off consign'd a recreant cargo,
e old scape-goats to roam in pain,
rk'd like their great forerunner, Cain.
e rest, now doom'd by British leagues,
justice of resentful Whigs,
ld worthless lives on tenure ill,

Of tenancy at Rebel-will,
While hov'ring o'er their forfeit perso
The gallows waits his sure reversion
"Thou too, M'Fingal, ere that day
Shalt taste the terrors of th' affray.
See! o'er the hangs in angry skies,
Where Whiggish constellations rise,
And while plebeian signs ascend,
Their mob-inspiring aspects bend,
That baleful Star, whose *horrid hair
Shakes forth the plagues of down and tar
I see the pole, that rears on high
Its flag terrific through the sky;
The mob beneath prepar'd t' attack,
And tar predestin'd for thy back!
Ah! quit, my friend, this dang'rous
[home,
Nor wait the darker scenes to come;
For know that Fate's auspicious door,
Once shut to flight, is op'd no more,
Nor wears its hinge by various stations,
Like mercy's door in proclamations.†

---

*"———*From his horrid hair*
Shakes pestilence and war." Milton

†The door of mercy is now open, and
the door of mercy will be shut, *when*
phrases so often used in the proclamations

it lest thou pause, or doubt to fly,
anger visions turn thine eye:
lould that dimm'd thy mental ray,
ll the mortal mists decay;
ore than human Pow'rs befriend,
), their hostile forms ascend!
ow'ring o'er th' extended strand,
enius of the western land,
geance arm'd his sword assumes.
ands, like Tories, drest in plumes.
'er yon Council seat with pride,
'reedom spreads her banners wide!
Patriotism with torch address'd,
e with zeal each daring breast!
all the Virtues in their band,
e from yon unfriendly land,

British Generals in America, that oet seems to fear that the hinge of nor wilt be worn out. A general ion of these proclamations, or an ement of them comprised in a few s, would form a curious system of ical tactics; which might be of great to the French emigrant princes, and se potentates of Europe, who are to subdue the spirit of Liberty in e.

For he, of all the world alone,
Owns the long-sought Philos-pher's
[Stone,
Restores the fab'lous times to view,
And proves the tale of Midas true.
O'er heaps of rage he waves his wand,
All turn to gold at his command.
Provide for present wants and future,
Raise armies, victual, clothe, accoutre,
Adjorn our conquests by essoigne,
Check Howe's advance, and take
[Burgoyne.
Then make all days of payment vain,
And turns all back to rags again.
In vain great Howe shall play his part,
To ape and counterfeit his art;
In vain shall Clinton, more belated,
A conj'rer turn to imitate it;
With like ill luck and pow'r as narrow,
They'll fare, like sorc'rers of old
[Pharaoh,
Who, though the art they understood,
Of turning rivers into blood,
And caus'd their frogs and snakes t' exist,
That with some merit croak'd and hiss'd,
Yet ne'er, by ev'ry quaint device,
Could frame the true Mosaic lice.
He for the Whigs his arts shall try,

Their first, and long their sole ally;
A patriot firm, while breath he draws,
He'll perish in his country's cause;
And when his magic labours cease,
Lie bury'd in eternal peace.
"Now view the scenes in future hours,
That wait the fam'd European Pow'rs.
See! where yon chalky cliffs arise,
The hills of Britain strike your eyes:
Its small extention long supply'd
By vast immensity of pride;
So small, that had it found a station
In this new world at first creation,
Or were by Justice doom'd to suffer,
And for his crimes transported over,
We'd find full room for't in Lake [Erie, or
That larger water-pond, Superior,*

* *This supposition, so far as it respects Lake Superior, is not exaggerated. That Lake is 2200 miles in circumference. It is supposed by some, that in this passage the Author meant to ridicule the misfortune of Lord North, in the loss of his sight. But as this poem was written and published, word for word, as in this edition, several years before that misfortune hap-*

Where North, on margin taking stand,
Would not be able to spy land,
No more, elate with pow'r at ease
She deals her insults round the seas;
See! dwindling from her height amain,
What piles of ruin spread the plain;
What mould'ring hulks her ports are
[fill'd,
And brambles clothe the cultur'd field!
See, on her cliffs her Genius lies,
His handkerchief at both his eyes,
With many a deep-drawn sigh and groan,
To mourn her ruin and his own!
While joyous Holland, France, and
[Spain,
With conqu'ring navies rule the main,
And Russian banners, wide unfurl'd,
Spread commerce round the eastern
[world.

---

pened, the Author must be innocent of the least design upon any thing more than mental blindness. There is no allusion to any other eyes in his lordship, than the eyes of his understanding, which were supposed, by people at that time to be wonderfully dim; especially when considered as belonging to the Argus of a great nation.

And see (sight hateful and tormenting)
Th' Amer'can empire, proud and vaunting,
From anarchy shall change her crasis,
And fix her pow'r on firmer basis;
To glory, wealth, and fame ascend;
Her commerce rise, her realms extend;
Where now the panther guards his den,
Her desart forests swarm with men,
Her cities, tow'rs and columns rise,
And dazzling temples meet the skies;
Her pines descending to the main,
In triumph spread the wat'ry plain;
Ride indland lakes with fav'ring gales,
And crowd her ports with whit'ning sails,
Till to the skirts of western day,
The peopled regions own her sway."
Thus far M'Fingal told his tale,
When thund'ring shouts his ears assail,
And straight a Tory that stood sentry,
Aghast, rush'd headlong down the entry,
And with wild outcry, like magician,
Dispers'd the residue of vision:
For now the Whigs intell'gence found
Of tories must'ring under ground,
And with rude bangs and loud uproar,
'Gan thunder furious at the door.
The lights put out, each Tory calls,

Since wars began, I'm sure no man
E'er saw so strange a battle.

The rebel vales, the rebel dales,
With rebel trees surrounded,
The distant woods, the hills, and floods,
With rebel echoes sounded.

The fish below swan to and fro,
Attack'd from ev'ry quarter:
Why sure, thought they, the devil's to pay,
'Mongst folks above the water.

The KEGS, 'tis said, tho' strongly made,
Of rebel staves and hoops, sir,
Could not oppose their pow'rful foes,
The conq'ring British troops, sir.

From morn to night these *men of might*
Display'd amazing courage;
And when the sun was fairly down,
Retir'd to sup their porridge.

An hundred men, with each a pen,
Or more upon my word, sir,
It is most true, would be too few,
Their valor to record, sir.

ich feats did they perform that day,
Upon these wicked KEGS, sir;
hat years to come if they get home,
They'll make their boasts and brags sir.

ARCH OF MONTGOMERY, &c.

---

arch of Montgomery for Canada—Surrender of several important posts to the American Arms—The storming of Quebec—and death of Montgomery.

ND now intent on bold enterprize,
ontgomery left serener skies
Which gird the eastern coast;
id rapid march'd at thy command,
› check *Ontario's* savage band;
And combat *Carlton's* host.

t did the clouds in angry form,
›wngroaning mountains lash the storm,
T' impede his ardent course;

And boreal, blast, condensing cold,
Athwart the wild their armies roll'd,
To chill life's vital force.

Inur'd in toil, to hardships known,
He rush'd along the frozen zone,
A drear tremendous waste:
Freedom's pure flame his soul *inspir'd*,
And gallant troops, by glory fir'd,
Prest on, with equal haste.

Whelm'd in the wave, they sought the [flood,
The flint top'd summit mark'd with [blood,
Or vast morasses scour'd.
Not the deep bog, or faithless fen,
Nor snow, wide arching Mammoth's *den*,
Their scatt'ring files o'erpower'd.

At eve benumb'd with torpid cold,
Their limbs the frosted blanket roll'd;
Nor cheering fires to warm:
Whilst round them burst the winds of [heaven
And rain, sleet, hail, impetuous *driven*,
Wing'd one continual storm.

Each rising day fresh toil renew'd,
Close on the rear pale want pursu'd,

BATTLE OF BREED'S HILL.

attle of Breed's Hill, June 17th, 1775.

—ANEW the *British* form'd,
o'ards *Breed's* slight works battalions [storm'd;
Smoke wrapt the hill in gloom;
oud trumpets ton'd th' *Orthyan* song:
ife's crimson'd banners stream'd along,
Death paw'd the op'ning tomb.

rom *Boston's* heights, to *Charlestown's* [bounds,
edoubts, forts, ships and floating [mounds,
The vollied thunder pour'd:
ombs, mortars, cannon, slaughter hurl'd;
ad'ning revenge her flag unfurl'd,
And wav'd the blood stain'd sword.

igh thron'd on noon's refulgent car,
owe led the van of rising war,

Bright clad in robes of wrath.
With solemn step, oft dressing, slow,
Bold *Pigot* dar'd the lightnings' glow,
That blaz's in danger's path.

In front, the mortar whirl'd through air,
And shot a blue sulphureous glare:
Embowelled deep with fire:
In rear, the carcass spread its tail,
And winds assembled, fann'd the gale,
That kindled *Charlestown's* pyre.

Triumphant swept th' insatiate blaze,
Like *Illium's* tow'rs in ancient days,
Through clouded either driv'n;
From mantling cones of spiral smoke,
The ruddy flame coruscent broke,
And flash'd and stream'd to Heav'n.

As *Apalachia's* star girt mound,
(Where storms unheaded rage around,
And floods unnoticed roll)
Proud of its strength, rock roooted deep,
Smiles at the billows, whilst they sweed
Their tempest to the pole:

Thus did the hardy *Spartan* few,
Their country, freedom, fame in view,

The swelling torrent eye :
ot all the powers of earth combin'd,
an awe the great, the godlike mind,
It dares—to never die.

ritannia charged, gave back, retired,
rest on, retreated, storm'd, expir'd,
Again new troops oppos'd.
anks fell on ranks, th' empurpled wave,
ore headlong from the trench, the
[brave,
And death fierce contests clos'd.

alm on the mount, firm *Warren* stood,
ike some strong oak amid the wood,
Which scorns the bolt of Jove :
auntless, serene, inspiring all,
ontemning life, and proud to fall,
His arm their legions drove:

'helm'd low on earth, they breath'd
[awhile,
hen fresh renew'd th' *Herculean* toil,
With more than *Typhœn pow'r :*
hrieks, shouts, groans, cries, discord-
ant rung :
ate's varying scale unballanced hung ;
And darkness rul'd the hour.

Albion's full pulse indignar
With burning shame's enf
That thrill' through b
When Seraphs, hov'ring o
Bare *Warren's* soul on gl
From battle's life bat

Columbia saw the radiant
Swift rising, gain time's n
The eldest gate of lig
Silent she gaz'd with wan
His hand he wav'd along t
And bade her quit th

Prompt at the sign, retrea
The spirit of the heav'n r
Around his army sho
As some kind angel whos
First dawning 'mid the na
Is in the mortal knov

Hail! *Warren* hail! creat
To guard yon mount, shall
And warriors watch t
Whilst *Hiram Abbifs'* sac
With annual tears bedew
And bid the *Cassia* bl

And meagre famine sped.
ler arrows smote the fainting steed,
he panting, dying dog was flea'd,
On carrion bones they fed.

'hat though, in front the tempest scowl'd
loud the mad'ning Indian howl'd,
Or yelling monsters roar'd;
igh sense of duty dar'd the gloom,
nd forces worthy ancient Rome,
To death, or glory pour'd.

hamblee, St. *John* receiv'd his law,
Iontreal bow'd with conscious awe,
Champlain, the chief obey'd.
n *Abraham's* heig't, his standard beam'd
nd burnish'd armor radiant gleam'd,
Mid *Quebec's* awful glade.

nited stripes were swift unfurl'd,
Britannia's hope, dread thunder hurl'd,
From art's imperial towers:
nmov'd, he heard the cannon's shock,
hat echoed harmless round the rock.

---

*Sir Guy Carlton, now Lord Dorches-
, justly deserves the title of* Britannia's
)pe.

And scorn'd *Montgom'ry's* powe

From *Fort St. Louis'* strong bas'd w
Rebounded back the missile ball,
And bursting bombs recoil'd,
In vain the bellowing mortar roar'd,
Or Howitz scream'd, with vengean
Or votive warriors toil'd, [stor'

The Chieftain spoke, and thus he cri
"Strength of my arm, your countr
Attend the orders given! [prid
To yon dark mount, ere morning's dav
I lead fair freedom's army on;
Scale, storm, and trust to heaver

Celestial ardor fir'd the host,
Their bosoms beat for danger's post,
And wish'd the night away.
From tent to tent, the hero past,
High toning war's impassion'd blast,
And battle's rudest bray.

This task perform'd—the godlike ma
Revolving oft the morrow's plan,
Absorb'd in studious thought,
(Whilst sleep entranc'd the watchful f
With cautious step advancing slow,

The walls of battle sought.

r the pale stars' faint glimmering light,
ɜ mark'd the ramparts, took their [height,
Survey'd the circling moat;
ıd kenn'd each guarded pass with care,
om bastions facing *Aunce de mer*;
To works defending *Saut*.

vift flashing on *Montgom'ry's* view,
crimson cloud, deep fring'd with blue,
Was instant rent in twain;
nd forth a radiant chariot roll'd,
f purest chrystal laid with gold,
And gems of richest vein.

win heroes, fam'd for deathless deeds,
ul'd with strong power the living steeds,
On thrones of amber placed;
thereal palms of high renown,
/orth's civick wreath, and laurel crown,
The brow of honor graced.

ear and more near, the vision came,
right beryl wheels enwrapt in flame,
Outshone the blushing dawn.
lontcalm the reins of azure held,

AN ODE.*

Ye sons of Columbia, unite in the ca
Of liberty, justice, religion, and laws
Should foes then invade us, to battle
[we'll h
For the GOD OF OUR FATHERS will be
Let Frenchmen advance, [all
And all Europe join France,
Designing our conquest and plunde
United and free
For ever we'll be,
And our cannon shall tell them in
[thunder

* *The above Ode was written, set t musick, and sung on a publick* occasion *Rutland, Vermont, July,* 1793. *At tha time the armament, which afterward sailed to Egypt, under Bonaparte, lay Toulon: its destination was not known i America, but many suppposed that it wa intended to waft the blessings of* Frenc liberty *to the United States.*

That foes to our freedom we'll ever defy,
Till the continent sinks, and the ocean
[is dry !
When Britain assail'd us, undaunted we
[stood,
Defended the land we had purchas'd
[with blood
Our liberty won, and it shall be our
[boast,
If the old world united should menace
[our coast :—
Should millions invade,
In terrour array'd,
Our liberties bid us surrender,
Our country they'd find
With bayonets lin'd,
And Washington here to defend her,
For foes to our freedom we'll ever defy
Till the continent sinks, and the ocean
[is dry !
Should Bonapart' come with his sans
[culotte band,
And a new sort of freedom we don't un-
[derstand,
And make us an offer to give us as much
As France has bestow'd on the Swiss
[and the Dutch,
His fraud and his force

Will be furtile of course;
We wish for no *Frenchified* Freed
If folks beyond sea
Are to bid us be free,
We'll send for them when we sha
[need
But sans culotte Frenchmen we'll
[d
Till the continent sinks, and the oc
[is d

We're anxious that Peace may conti
[her re
We cherish the virtues which sport
[her tra
Our hearts ever melt, when the fatl
[less si
And we shiver at Horrour's funeral c
But still, though we prize
That child of the skies,
We'll never like slaves be accoste
In war of defence
Our means are immense,
And we'll fight till our *all* is exha
[
For foes to our freedom we'll ever d
Till the continent sinks, and the oc
[is d

The EAGLE OF FREEDOM with rapture be-
[hold,
Overshadow our land with his plumage
[of gold!
The flood-gates of glory are open on
high,
And Warren and Mercer descend from
[the sky!
They come from above
With a message of love,
To bid us be firm and decided;
"At Liberty's call,
"Unite one and all,
"For you conquer, unless you're di-
[vided.
"Unite, and the foes to your freedom
[defy,
"Till the continent sinks, and the ocean
[is dry!"

"Americans, seek no occasion for war;
"The rude deeds of rapine still ever
[abhor:
"But in defence of your rights you
[should arm,
"Let toils ne'er discourage, nor dan-
[gers alarm.
"For foes to your peace

" Will ever increase,
If freedom and fame you should [bart
" Let those rights be yours,
" While Nature endures,
" For OMNIPOTENCE gave you the *charter*
Then foes to our freedom we'll ever de
Till the continent sinks, and the oce
is di

THE DRUM.

COME each gallant lad,
Who for pleasure quits care,
To the drum, drum, drum, drum,
To the drum head with spirit repair.

Each recruit here takes his glass,
Each young soldier with his lass;
While the drum beats tatto—while, &c.
Retire the sweet night to pass.

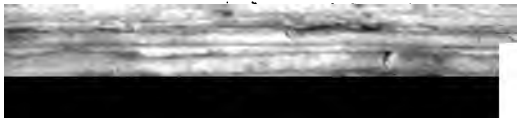
Each night, gaily lads—
Thus we'll merily waste,
Till the drum, drum, drum, drum,
Till the drum tells us 'tis past.

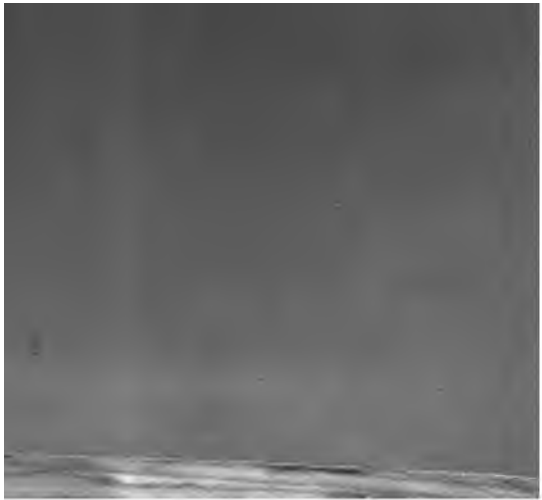
Piquet arms at dawn now shine,
And each drum ruffles down the line,
Now the drum beats reville, now the, &c.
Saluting the dawn divine.

But hark yonder shout—
See that standard alarms;

Now the drum, drum, drum, drum,
Now the drum beats loudly to arms.

Kill'd and wounded how they lie;
Helter skelter see them fly,
Now the drum beats retreat, now, &c.
We'll fire a feud de joye.





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